The Outlook

Vol. 68 August 10, 1901 No. 15

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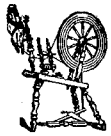

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The Outlook

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Mr. Chamberlain on the War

The dullness of summer days in Parliament was enlivened last week by aggressive and positive declarations from Mr. Chamberlain as to the increase of severity against Cape Colony rebels and threats of reprisals against the Boers. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman had asserted that, after twenty-one months of war and with 200,000 men in the field, Cape Colony was overrun with Boers, and he asked what prospect there was of famine as a result of the Government's "policy of devastation," and what the political condition of Cape Colony would be after the war. Mr. Chamberlain said that the policy of farm-burning had been abandoned and that of concentration camps adopted, with good results; that the camps were humanely conducted, and that thousands of Boers came to them voluntarily; that only a handful of irreconcilables were carrying on a war that was fast degenerating into brigandage and murder. The Cape rebels, he said, had found war a cheap, interesting, and amusing performance. Henceforward the mistaken leniency of the past must be abandoned. This is in line with the keynote sentence of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "tract on the war:" "The front is precisely where it has been for the last year—neither in the Transvaal nor in the Orange River Colony, but in Cape Town and Cape Colony." Referring to Commander Kritzinger's threat to shoot all native blacks found in British army employ, whether in the ranks or as laborers, Mr. Chamberlain announced that Lord Kitchener had been directed to inform the Boer leaders that such acts would be contrary to the laws of war, and any concerned in them, if captured, would be executed. The Boers allege an agreement at the outset of the war that natives were not to be used on either side. This Mr. Chamberlain denied, but his opponents retort that Mr. Balfour asserted in Parliament that natives would not be employed, recalling Mr. Morley's ironical congratulation that only Christians were to be used to kill Christians. Mr. Chamberlain said that dead Kaffirs who had fought for the Boers were often found on the battlefields, while the British had abstained from employing 20,000 Basutos to attack the Boer flanks, as might have been done. As to Lord Kitchener's rumored return, the Colonial Secretary stated that it would not take place until Lord Kitchener and the Government were both satisfied that his return would be safe. The only other notable event of the week in Parliament was the grant, by a vote of 281 to 73, of the sum of £100,000 to Field-Marshal Earl Roberts as a reward for his services in South Africa. Mr. Balfour in his eulogy said that but for Lord Roberts's daring and strategy, and the rapidity with which his plans were carried out, Kimberly and Mafeking would have fallen, 11,000 British would have been starved into submission at Ladysmith, and there would have been a general rising of disloyalists in South Africa.

❀

The Empress Frederick

After a long and painful illness, the Dowager Empress of Germany, mother of the Emperor William and eldest child of Queen Victoria, died at Cronberg on Monday of this week. Her son, the Emperor, was at her bedside, and her brother, the King of England, was about to set out for Cronberg when the news of her death arrived. Victoria Mary Louise, as Princess Royal of England and later as the consort of the German Crown Prince and Emperor, showed distinct independence of character, and was recognized as one of the most strongly marked of royal personalities.

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It is asserted that her marriage with the Crown Prince was one of affection as well as of state policy, and it is well known that she exercised a potent influence over her royal husband. Her political ideas were too liberal to please Bismarck, who did not hesitate to let his dislike of her be generally known. The terrible three months when Frederick was nominally reigning but was really a dying man called upon all the womanly resources at her command, and her conduct, public and private, was such as to excite the admiration even of her political enemies. Those in Germany who dreaded "English ideas" and liberal principles distrusted the Empress Frederick in her widowhood, and the superlative independence and self-confidence of William II. left little room for his mother in affairs of state. Something like an estrangement for a time arose between them, but without any open dissension. The Empress Frederick was a skilled judge of art and music, and in many ways aided in the art and industrial development of Germany.

❀

South American Revolutions The disturbances now going on in Colombia and Venezuela have at a distance the aspect of being chiefly personal contests for supremacy. We are accustomed to think that the difference between Liberals and Conservatives is chiefly one of "outs" and "ins," and to doubt whether there is any question of principle involved. The contrary view is maintained in an interesting interview with Señor Perez, of Colombia, lately printed in the New York "Tribune." He maintains that the true meaning of Liberal party agitations in the South American States is a struggle against the vicious ascendency of the Clericals, a fight for freedom of thought and action. Mexico and the Argentine Republic, he argues, have in part freed themselves from this domination; Colombia, Venezuela, Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia are still fighting for progress, independence of action, education, and religious tolerance against bigotry and intolerance. This, he claims, has been the underlying cause of strife for seventy-five years between the two parties. That the revolutionists have often been led by men of insatiate personal ambition, whose ideas of constitutional government were astonishingly modified by actual success, is not incompatible with this idea, and we presume that Señor Perez would admit the fact. The present commander of the revolutionists in Colombia is General Uribe Uribe. He has been fighting somewhat fitfully for two years, but without great success. Last week's reports assert that an army of Colombians of the Conservative faction, joined with Venezuelan insurgents of the same political party, invaded Venezuela, hoping to make common cause with the anti-Castro faction in that country. They were led by Dr. Rangel Galviras, and were defeated in a sharp battle in which, the despatches say, ten thousand Venezuelan troops were engaged. President Castro, of Venezuela, is probably firmly established in power by this failure of attack from outside. An incident which involves some international questions was the seizure by the Colombian authorities at Cartagena, a Colombian port, of Colonel Murillo, an insurgent agent, on board a German vessel. Colonel Murillo resisted arrest and wrapped himself in a German flag, but there seems little doubt that, under the law of nations, the Colombian Government acted within its rights.

❀

Court Language in the Philippines The cable announces that the Philippine Commission has decided in favor of the use of the Spanish language in the courts for the next five years, provided that an oral argument may be presented in English and interpreted, or an English brief may be submitted if accompanied by a Spanish translation; and, by consent of the court and of all the parties in any particular case, English may be substituted for Spanish, but in such cases the official records shall still be in Spanish. The grounds for this decision are thus given by Judge Taft:

> To make English the official language of the courts would drive out of the practice of their profession the Filipino lawyers. It has been suggested that the mere inconvenience or injury to a comparatively small class of men ought not to weigh against the public good. Perhaps this is so, if the public good absolutely and necessarily requires it. But, in weighing reasons, the injury to the Filipino lawyer is certainly one to be considered. The lawyers of a community are always influential; they are always able to make themselves

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heard. On mere grounds of public policy, when we are attempting to convince the Filipino people of our sincerity of effort to create a government for their benefit, we ought not to alienate a class of men who do so much to initiate and formulate such public opinion as exists in these islands. With deference to the memorialists of the American bar, I differ utterly from their conclusion that there is any antagonism between the Filipino lawyers, or the educated classes, and the masses. Deeply as the masses felt upon some features of the Spanish régime, it seems to me clear that there would have been no public expression of their feelings, and no revolution, had it not been for the educated class of the Filipinos. It was their guidance, their bravery, and their sacrifices of life and property which developed the silent protest of the people into forcible resistance. It seems to me to be blind to the most evident feature of the situation here not to see that the masses of the people are largely controlled by the educated classes—indeed, I think too much so.

We quote this at length because it indicates the statesmanlike spirit in which, apparently, the Commission is dealing with the problems presented to it.

❀

The Italian Anarchists It is unfortunate that the same name is used to designate the band, chiefly of Italians, who make assassination of kings their mission and devote themselves to it with an almost religious fanaticism, and the doctrinaire philosophers who, with a singular disregard of practical common sense, teach as a political philosophy that there ought to be no government, but that each man should be left absolutely free to do that which is right in his own eyes. Of the first kind of Anarchists Mr. Nichols gives some account in his interesting but terrible article on another page. Special timeliness is given to this article by the fact that last week was the anniversary of the assassination of King Humbert of Italy by Antonio Bresci, of Paterson, and the occasion served to revive the dread of new conspiracies. The report was widely spread by one of the news agencies in this country that the crime of a year ago had been commemorated in Italy by the assassination of King Humbert's harmless and politically powerless sister, but this report had no basis, and did not even alarm the country in which the crime was alleged to have taken place. The alarm in Europe found its expression and occasion in the despatches announcing the arrest of three Italian Anarchists in Switzerland, all of them alleged members of the Paterson group of conspirators with which Bresci was connected. One of the names mentioned in the despatches is unknown in Paterson, but the other two are those of men who disappeared at the same time as Bresci. Both of these men were named at the Anarchist celebration of Humbert's murder held in Paterson last week, and they were eulogized as missionaries of the faith who probably had been imprisoned by foreign governments.

❀

An Anarchist Address The address made at this Anarchist celebration by Signor Esteve, the editor of the Italian Anarchist paper in Paterson, deserves National attention as indicating the character of this Anarchist movement. Among other things, the speaker is reported to have said:

> Down with monarchy! Down with empires! There is nothing which can or will prevent us from attaining our end, which is to free mankind. We care nothing for the gallows or the most horrible ways of dying so long as by dying we advance the cause we hold dear.
>
> A year ago Bresci killed Humbert. The Government called him one of the worst, if not the worst, criminals in history, but those for whose opinion he would have cared called his act a noble one. I wish every country had a Bresci. How much better the world would be! Kings act in an arbitrary way. They act in a manner which is detrimental to the welfare of the poor. Every laboring man is worth fifty kings.
>
> They threw Bresci into prison for what he did, when he should have been honored. And what of his two friends, our two friends, who went when he did? All three went to do that which Bresci did. Viva Bresci!
>
> Those three men did not know what the other was going for, and two of them were sorry when they found another was ahead of them.
>
> Perhaps some of us may be selected to go there. Let not our hearts fail. Matteo was selected to kill Humbert. His heart failed him, and he died despised by all. Bresci was then selected, and his death was that of a hero.

It might well be questioned whether such eulogy of assassination ought to be permitted, except for the fact that suppression would probably only add both to the intensity and the circulation of such sentiments. As a terrible illustration of the half-mental, half-moral depravity of which man is capable, this club of assassins

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appears to us even more gruesome than the "suicide club" which Robert Louis Stevenson's imagination created.

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Against Negro Influence in Maryland

The Democratic State Convention in Maryland went far beyond that in Ohio in ignoring the Kansas City platform and rejecting the leadership of Mr. Bryan. In Ohio the candidate named for Governor was a cordial supporter of the Kansas City platform, the planks on trusts and imperialism were entirely in conformity therewith, while the new planks respecting the treatment of municipal monopolies and the taxation of corporate property followed precisely the lines Mr. Bryan has been advocating. In Maryland, on the other hand, the Convention was completely under the control of men opposed to Mr. Bryan and the principles he stands for. There was no declaration respecting trusts or imperialism or any other National issue—though a United States Senator is to be chosen by the Legislature elected—and in State matters the paramount issue presented was the government of the negro race in this country without consulting the governed. The plank was not very explicit, but the spirit was clear, if not the programme. The text was as follows:

> The Democratic party represents more than 40,000 majority of the white people of Maryland. They, in common with their brethren of other States in which large masses of colored voters have been injected into the body politic, recognize that the peace, good order, personal safety, and proper development of our material interests depend upon the control of the Commonwealth by its intelligent white residents. Without the aid of the 60,000 colored voters, the Republican party in Maryland would be a hopeless minority.
>
> We therefore, without hesitation, proclaim that the success of the Democratic party will mean that, while we shall deal with perfect fairness in securing all the benefits of good government and full and free opportunities for education to all classes, such action must be taken as to prevent the control of the State Government from passing into the hands of those who have neither the ability nor the interest to manage public affairs wisely and well.

In South Carolina and Mississippi the excuse for negro disfranchisement was the danger of the control of the State by negro majorities; in other Southern States it has been the control of many counties by negro majorities. In Maryland, however, the whites outnumber the negroes four to one in the State at large, and hardly a county is in the slightest danger of passing under negro control. The excuse put forward now is that the negro must be eliminated from politics wherever he holds the "balance of power." Inasmuch as he sometimes holds this balance in nearly every State in the Union, the excuse is plainly one for universal negro disfranchisement.

❀

The New Science of Forestry

Among all the uses to which the trees of the forest are put, that of fuel is one of the most important and pecuniarily profitable; and it is highly suggestive of right methods to learn that in Mr. Vanderbilt's great estate of Biltmore, in North Carolina, the entire expenses of the scientific care of the forests are met by the sale of firewood, cut out for bettering the conditions of the trees that are left. The rapid advance of knowledge and intelligent public opinion in this matter of forestry, so vital to the continued prosperity of both agriculture and manufacturing, is shown in the action of the States of New York, Pennsylvania, and Indiana, by their large appropriations to purchase forest reserves and providing for their care, but perhaps even more notably in the action of the National Government, both legislative and executive. It was only in President Hayes's time, about twenty years ago, that Carl Schurz, as Secretary of the Interior, was violently attacked in Congress by James G. Blaine for prosecuting men who helped themselves to vast amounts of timber from Government lands, and he was well scored for thus attempting to introduce the petty ways of little Prussia into this great country, with its inexhaustible resources. But the resources have been showing gaps. The great forests of New England, New York, and Pennsylvania are no longer looked to for the all-needful white pine; Michigan, Wisconsin, and the Middle West are declining in that product; Minnesota is now the source drawn upon; and so the movement continues. The preservation of our forests by *cultivation* is the only rational course to pursue, and happily the authorities are

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awaking to the fact. Presidents Harrison, Cleveland, and McKinley have set off more than forty-six million acres of forest reservations in the Rocky Mountain regions, and Congress has now established in the Agricultural Department a Bureau of Forestry.

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The Bureau of Forestry Hitherto a mere division of the Department, Forestry is now a distinct Bureau, continuing under the competent direction of Mr. Gifford Pinchot, who managed the division. This Bureau will not only direct the proper care of the Government Reserves, guarding from fire and from lumber-depredators, and cutting, planting, and disposing of the varied interests of those great forest ranges, but will also be available for expert advice to forest owners who wish to conserve and increase the value of their own holdings. It is a most important advance, and one to be rejoiced in by all far-seeing citizens, since the influence of wise administration in high places, like water, runs down and extends to lower levels. It is to be hoped that New York State, which in its excess of caution in 1894 provided in its Constitution that the timber on the State's forest lands should "not be sold, removed, or destroyed," will find a way to modify that bar to intelligent forest-culture, since all three of those processes are necessary to a proper economical and scientific care of the forests, preserving their health and thrifty growth, and drawing from them a goodly return in commercial profit for the enlargement and perfecting of the system. True, they are worth preservation for themselves alone—for their beauty, their effect on climate, soil, water-supply, river-courses, etc.—but it is wasteful to neglect the value of their crops, and, since the trees must be cut, let it be done for the benefit of the forest growth, and the cuttings disposed of for the support of the good work. With many great States taking wise action for the future, and the General Government ready with an established center of information and influence in the same interest, it cannot be long before enterprising citizens and legislators of other States will follow this example, and our vast forest domain will be both protected and cultivated. Already many college men are taking the multifarious training necessary for the scientific forester, and the practical interest in nature fostered by the new education in our schools will tend to point out an attractive way towards this new profession.

❀

Prisons in the South We have received a letter from a prisoner in Alabama—a colored man—who writes to us that over four hundred life-sentence and long-sentence prisoners are suffering in the Coalburg prison with no one to assist them, giving a pitiful description of prison conditions, and appealing to the "Christian gentlemen in the North" to intercede for pardons. It is true that there are grave evils in the penal systems of many of the Southern States, evils which have been already ventilated in the press both North and South. But, while much is being done to remedy these conditions, complete success cannot be attained until the general conditions of life, as a whole, become, for the masses of both races, a little better than they are. The general poverty of the people and of the State Governments is greater than most Eastern men can easily realize. The contrast between the lot of the poor man in Alabama, in prison and out of prison, is not greater, perhaps, than the contrast between the lot of the poor man in New York, in prison and out of prison. While this is no excuse for existing abuses, prison reform can result only from the general progress of education and commerce. Without that general progress, legislation regarding the prison system is treating what is rather a symptom than a disease. The disease is poverty and ignorance—particularly ignorance. Our correspondent's letter charges on the white race a degree of racial discrimination which we do not believe exists. White men, as well as negroes, are let out by contracts and worked in the mines, sometimes with ruthless cruelty; on the other hand, the pardon of negroes is not infrequent. We have recently heard of a lady in Montgomery, a member of an old Southern family, who ordered a carriage and from a sick-bed went at once to the Governor and got the pardon of a negro woman who had been

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put in the penitentiary for what she regarded as a trivial cause. Almost every worthy colored man has similar white neighbors who will plead his cause. The harsh penal conditions operate with the juries to shorten sentences, save in very serious cases, and to induce the Governor to exercise the pardoning power; though the condition of the people outside of prison is often so distressing that the contrast of a penal experience is not so great as the juries sometimes assume. The only real remedy for prison hardship, whether South or North, is the recognition that the object of prison discipline should be the safeguarding of society by the reformation of the offender, and that any prison administration which does not keep this end steadily in view is essentially unjust.

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The Opening of Hunan

An instructive commentary on the criticisms and counsels, born of half knowledge, that have lately been lavished on Protestant missionaries in China is presented by recent events in the province of Hunan. Missionaries have hitherto been forbidden to reside in Hunan, though permitted to make preaching tours there. It is from Hunan that the unspeakably obscene and malignant publications of Chinese literati have been issued to inflame the popular mind against Christianity. Hunan, in the very heart of China, has been hitherto virulently anti-foreign as well as anti-Christian. Now the official policy is reversed; the anti-foreign, anti-Christian literature has been suppressed; Hunan is now fully and freely open to Christian missions, remote as it is from the presence or the fear of a foreign army. Last winter the Rev. Griffith John, a veteran of the London (Congregational) Missionary Society, visited Hunan, from which province he and his associates had barely escaped with their lives in July, 1900, losing all their property. He was heartily welcomed both by the people and the magistrates, who pressed him to take compensation for the property destroyed, including some two dozen chapels, saying that payment of indemnity for the past would increase security for the future. Thus urged, he named a sum less than the actual loss, winning esteem by his moderation. This summer Mr. John has repeated that visit and received increased proofs of cordial regard. At the provincial capital, Changchow, the Governor of Hunan lent him his steam launch for the voyage south to Hangchow, a commercial city of 200,000 people, and back to Hankow, 450 miles down the Yangtse. Everywhere he and his two companions were greeted with cordiality by the people and profuse hospitality by the officials. One incident suffices to illustrate the change wrought there. Hangchow has five colleges, an attempt to visit one of which, four years ago, nearly cost the life of the famous German traveler, Dr. Wolfe. This year a deputation of the students presented Mr. John with a pair of complimentary scrolls and an invitation to visit that college. In the course of his visit these students expressed a desire for the establishment of a college to teach the languages and science of the West. At Changchow, where there are also colleges, the students expressed the same desire—a wonderful revolution of sentiment in the hitherto most hostile class. The riots of last summer in Hunan, in which some Roman Catholic missionaries perished, Mr. John ascribes to two Manchu officials, set on by the notorious Prince Tuan, both of whom have since been punished by degradation from their rank. He puts it beyond a doubt that, whatever the disposition of individuals in the small ruling class of Manchus, the Chinese masses entertain no such hostility as many misinformed people fancy to Protestant missionaries like himself. The hearty friendliness with which Hunan, hitherto the citadel of prejudice, has been thrown open to them shows that the advice given them to come home, or at least to stay in the well-protected treaty ports, proceeds, at best, from ignorance of the facts.

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A Vote of Confidence Due

Whether the receipts of foreign missionary societies have been affected by the misrepresentations that have been widely disseminated concerning our missionaries in China is a matter of opinion. There are facts which raise the question. The receipts of the American Board, which in 1900 were nearly one hundred thousand dollars greater than in 1899,

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have so fallen off this year that a decrease of $42,000 is reported in donations for the ten months ending July 1. While this is reduced by an increase of $14,000 in legacies, the net decrease causes anxiety, especially as expenditures have been kept down to the pinching point, with resulting distress in some mission fields. To finish the year without debt the Board will need by September 1 not far from $265,000. Such facts as the opening of Hunan, which we record above, show that there is no cause for withholding either contributions or confidence from devoted men and women with opportunities of greatly enlarged beneficence before them. The North China mission of the Board, thirteen of whose members, with three children, were murdered last year, has lately put itself on record upon the vexed question of indemnities, in a paper which should commend itself to all fair-minded people. It is said "that the mission deems it unwise for Chinese adherents to formulate their own claims, but that these claims should, in every case, be revised by a committee of Chinese and missionaries; that no money should be accepted from Boxers with the thought of relieving them from prosecution for their criminal acts; that no claims should be presented for *lives* of adherents killed, but only for adequate pension money for support of widows and orphans; that it is inexpedient to accept temples or temple property as indemnity for losses; that the full record of receipts and disbursements on indemnity account be sent, by those having these matters in charge, to the mission treasurer, and a copy deposited at the United States Legation; that a statement be made to the Chinese authorities of the receipts and expenditures, from Chinese sources, for relief and rescue work since the Boxer outbreak began; and that a copy of the same be deposited at the United States Legation." The scrupulousness here conspicuous is certainly not lacking in the indorsement given by the mission to the course of Dr. Ament and others in the indemnity transactions. It is to be noted that Sir Robert Hart also, in a long statement, of which an abstract has been cabled, repeatedly mentions Dr. Ament in praise of his conduct as plucky and self-sacrificing, both before and during and after the siege of Peking. The deserved vote of confidence which should reach this decimated mission from home will be most unmistakably expressed by liberal supplies to those who have not spared their blood. Promise of this as near, if not immediate, appears in the recent Council of Congregational Churches at Silver Bay, Lake George, in the interest of a forward movement. More than a hundred churches in fifteen States were represented by over two hundred members, many of them prominent men, and ten days were devoted to study of missionary problems and of methods for organizing a larger general interest in mission work.

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Ritualism in the Episcopal Church

The High Church party of the Protestant Episcopal Church is strong in California, and the introduction of Roman Catholic ritualism is fostered to a surprising degree. In the recent diocesan convention in Los Angeles the High Churchmen were in control, and elected delegates from their number who are to propose at the triennial convention in San Francisco next October to discard the word Protestant and change the name of the Protestant Episcopal Church to that of "The American Church." A branch of the British society styled "A Confraternity for the Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament" has been formed in Los Angeles. A booklet called "The Pilgrim's Path," which has been widely circulated there, contains instructions for the making of confession, and the manuals for the use of children teach them the doctrine of transubstantiation in the following words: "When the priest begins the prayer, that which is on the altar is bread and wine; when the priest ends the prayer, that which is on the altar is Christ's body and blood; it is Jesus; it is God." The rector of an Episcopal church in San Francisco in which prayers to the Virgin Mary are offered in Latin is interested in the publication of a weekly paper about to be started in San Francisco, one of the main objects of which he states to be "to counteract, to kill, Protestantism in the Episcopal Church." The Protestant Episcopal Church, however, is not left without a witness to its ideals and traditions; the

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Rev. George Thomas Dowling, rector of Christ Episcopal Church of Los Angeles, rebukes the Romanizing tendencies in his denomination in his sermon of July 14, the force of which is equaled by its moderation. Dr. Dowling reviews the Roman Catholic innovations he finds around him, revivals of the ecclesiastical servitude of mind and spirit from which the Reformation of the sixteenth century freed the Anglo-Saxon race, and asks his High Church brethren why it is that the Episcopal Church, the first religious organization in the city, now ranks behind the other denominations, while its sacramental services are attended almost wholly by children and those women who specially care for ritual. The reason, he states, is "because the Anglo-Saxon man does not want this thing; and if he did want it he would go to the Roman Catholic Church, where he can find it in its perfection." Dr. Dowling censures these clergymen for alienating the various Protestant bodies around them by emphasizing points of difference instead of points of agreement, and declares that while the Protestant Episcopal Church has room for all, High Church and Low Church, and should be broad enough to include what may even seem to be narrow, it has no room for a Romish assumption of authority by the priesthood. The vestry of the church passed resolutions thanking Dr. Dowling for the courage and frankness of his address, and requesting the liberty to print and circulate it. It seems to us deplorable that members of the Protestant Episcopal Church should endeavor to import into that Church practices wholly out of harmony with its historic spirit, and we wish that we could reasonably hope that Dr. Dowling's vigorous appeal would either bring his ritualistic brethren into conformity with their own communion, or lead them to enter the pale of the Church they are now feebly attempting to copy.

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The Baptist Young People's Union

The eleventh International Convention of this flourishing society, held at Chicago July 25–28, exhibited the same general characteristics as the three other conventions of young Christians which we have made note of. The attendance, though large and enthusiastic, seems to have been somewhat depleted by the hot weather. We note particularly the same insistence on political duty as included in religious duty that has been observed in similar conventions this year. The Rev. G. L. Morrill, of Minneapolis, said: "The triumph of municipal misrule has not been because bad men have been bold, but because good men have been cowards. The primaries should be attended as regularly as the prayer-meeting. Christ sits over against the ballot-box as he did over against the treasury of old to see what is cast therein." The effectiveness of this exhortation to duty at the primaries depends on first reforming the primaries, as in Dr. Morrill's State of Minnesota, so that "the machine" cannot play with loaded dice. One of the most telling addresses was that of Mr. Moody's successor, the Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, on "the new Puritanism" required to meet "the new atheism"—the practical atheism of indifference and materialism, which the speaker ascribed to hosts of respectable people, not only outside of churches, but inside. The new Puritanism which must counteract it he described as not a thing of garb and form, but a quality of moral strenuousness and spiritual life.

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Summer Work of the Young Women's Christian Association

In the days when places of amusement add to their announcements "iced air, ice-water, electric fans," there is a dearth of recreation within the larger cities. "Closed for the season" is written across most of the institutions for instruction and entertainment, and there come long and weary evenings to many who find impracticable the trip to park or beach. The Young Women's Christian Association of New York is trying to adapt itself to the summer needs of the community, not only by its home at the seashore where its members enjoy vacation weeks, but by continuing classes and meetings throughout July and August. The classes are open and free to all, whether members of the Association or not, and are conducted with much greater flexibility than in the regular winter work. On Monday evenings, after the occupation of the busy beginning day of the week, the auditorium,

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which seats six hundred, has held a hundred more to enjoy an entertainment—recital or cantata, pantomime or concert. On Tuesday a song service and Bible lesson give a helpful hour. Wednesday evenings the large, cool parlor is thrown open to children of ten and twelve for kindergarten games and basket-weaving. Last week a group of little girls were eagerly learning to make dolls' hats, with the interest which few children fail to give to work which their fingers can learn to do. On the auditorium platform a teacher marshaled a band of young women for the dance-steps and marching and drilling so welcome to those who have spent eight hours seated. On Thursday a girl can bring her own material for shirt-waist or hat and be taught the rudiments of fitting and millinery, or, if she be less practical, a new stitch in embroidery; and on Friday are classes in sight-singing, perhaps the most popular of all. The value of the Young Women's Christian Association needs no commendation, but an institution once established often finds it difficult to free itself from certain prescribed modes of work, and that the chaplain, Miss Doheny, has been able to carry out these summer plans proves the adaptability of the Association.

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Death of Bishop Littlejohn The Right Rev. Abram Newkirk Littlejohn, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Long Island, died suddenly on Saturday of last week in Williamstown, Mass. Bishop Littlejohn had been for over fifty years a clergyman. He had occupied several important rectorships, including one at Springfield, Mass., one at New Haven, Conn., and that of the Church of the Holy Trinity of Brooklyn. He was for seven years lecturer on pastoral theology in the Berkeley Divinity School at Middletown, Conn., and while he was quite a young man the presidency of Hobart College was offered to him and declined. It is said also that he might have been Bishop of Central New York some thirty years ago if he had desired. He was consecrated Bishop of Long Island in 1869, and in 1899 special services were held in commemoration of his thirty years' service as Bishop. His activity in church work was remarkable, and, despite his age—he was seventy-seven years old at the time of his death—he repeatedly declined the assistance of a coadjutor. Bishop Littlejohn had published several books relating to theology and religious topics; he had lectured at the University of Cambridge, England, and his scholarship had received recognition in many ways in this country and abroad.

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Another Missionary Honored One of the last official acts of Queen Victoria, as we reported last March, was the conferring of the very rarely bestowed Kaisar' i' Hind gold medal on the Rev. Robert A. Hume, a missionary of the American Board, for eminent service in the relief of sufferers from the famine in India. King Edward has recently conferred on another missionary of the Board, Miss Abbie G. Chapin, the Royal Red Cross decoration for distinguished service in the International Hospital at Peking during the siege. It was presented at the British Legation by the British Minister, Sir Ernest Satow, on April 23. In reporting it to the State Department, our Chargé d'Affaires, Mr. Squiers, mentions the Order of the Red Cross as having been founded by the late Queen some eighteen years ago, and that only ninety-two medals have been conferred up to this time, including four given for services during the siege. Miss Chapin's parents were missionaries in North China, where she has been working now for eight years.

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The Steel Strike

Unfortunately, there has been no official statement of the terms submitted by the United States Steel Company to the Amalgamated Association, or steel-workers' union, at the beginning of last week. There is, however, common consent that these terms were substantially as follows:

1. That the Amalgamated Association should withdraw its demand that the scale be signed for non-union as well as union mills.

2. That the scale should be signed for practically the same mills as last year, with the addition of certain mills which have since gone into the union.

3. That, in general, the trust should not coerce its employees to stay out of

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the union, and that the union should not coerce them to join.

When these terms, or substantially these, were presented by President Shaffer to the Executive Board of the Amalgamated Association on Tuesday, it was generally believed that the strike would soon be settled. The deliberations of the Board, however, continued day after day, in spite of conferences with local representatives of the Steel Company, and finally, at the close of the week, the entire Board, fifteen in number, came to New York for a final conference with Mr. Pierpont Morgan and President Schwab. At this conference, according to the New York "Sun," the point of disagreement was the treatment of mills where the men have gone into the union since the present strike began. "While," it says, "the Board [of union officials] were disposed to give way to some extent on their demand that they should be permitted to organize lodges in non-union mills, they stood out for the recognition of the union in those plants which, hitherto independent, have since the strike become more or less affiliated with the Association." This explicit demand was as explicitly rejected by the officials of the Company, and the conference ended, and with it all hope of an immediate peaceful adjustment. After the conference was over, the Executive Board of the Union issued an official statement of their case, in which they call attention to the fact that they had yielded their demand that the scale should be signed for all the steel-sheet, steel-hoop, and tin-plate mills operated by the trust, and asked only that it be signed for those mills in which employees, by joining in the strike, had shown their desire to be connected with the union. The Board authorized President Shaffer, as soon as he saw fit, to call out all union men in the employ of all the works of the United States Steel Company, and the issue of such a call by the beginning of next week is confidently predicted.

A strike is in the nature of war, and it often actually leads to the violence of war. Its direct financial injury to both combatants is great, its indirect financial and moral injury to the entire community is often still greater. In order to justify war, two conditions are necessary: first, there must be a practical and serious injustice which can be remedied only by war; second, there must be a reasonable prospect that the war will succeed. A strike ought never to be initiated unless both these conditions precedent to war exist—that is, unless there is a great practical injustice which only a strike can remedy, and a reasonable prospect that the strike will be successful.

In the case of the steel strike both these conditions appear to us to be lacking. While the accounts of the issue, as given by the advocates on either side, are somewhat contradictory, two facts are perfectly clear: first, that the corporation is willing to give the wages which the workers think just, and it demands no more hours than the workers think reasonable. The strike is not for better treatment in money, in hours, or in sanitary conditions. But the corporation refuses to sign with the Amalgamated Association, which represents the union workers, contracts for certain mills. The Amalgamated Association claims that the majority of the workers in these mills are union men or are in sympathy with the union, and that, therefore, it has a right to represent them. Even if this claim is wholly true, it does not appear to us that the refusal by the corporation to recognize in the Amalgamated Association a representative of the men in these mills, while at the same time it gives to all the men in these mills all the conditions which the Amalgamated Association claims for them, is so serious and practical an injustice as to justify a strike, that is, a declaration of war. It is difficult to see how any one is immediately injured or any practical injustice is directly done by the refusal to sign the written contract with the Association, when all that the written contract would call for is practically conceded to the employees.

Nor do we think that there is any reasonable ground on which the officers of the Amalgamated Association can hope for eventual success in the war which they declare. In all conflicts between labor and capital, labor is at a disadvantage. In order to win, the workingmen must be united to a man, the issue must be clear, the justice of the case must be unquestionable, and public sentiment must be upon their side. All these conditions are

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wanting. The workingmen are not united to a man in support of the strike. That there are numbers of non-union men who are opposed to the strike, though they may eventually give it their support rather than separate from their fellows, can hardly be doubted. That the issue is clear only partisans will claim. Whether the strikers' demand is just or not, its justice is not self-evident. And the sympathy of the general public, so far as it is expressed by the press, is rather against than with the strikers. Under these circumstances we do not wonder that the expressions reported as coming from the strike leaders indicate rather a desperate resolution than a hopeful one.

We shall not venture to predict the extent or length of the impending labor war. There are some Anarchists who are eager to stir up such war on every occasion, regardless of the immediate results, their only ambition being to inflame class against class for the purpose of overthrowing the present organization of society. The pride of the strike leaders will be enlisted for success. The class feeling may lead many workingmen into the strike who on principle would be opposed to it. Certain newspapers will do, consciously or unconsciously, all that they can to provoke and promote the war feeling. All these elements may combine to make the strike widespread and disastrous. On the other hand, we should not be surprised to see its collapse, particularly if the steel corporation continues to avoid those acts and those utterances which, interpreted as defiance, arouse the passions. We should like to see it adopt a simple waiting policy, to continue its work in the non-union mills, and to leave the union mills idle until the workmen who have left choose to return to them. No doubt the financial loss involved in such a policy would be great, but it would probably be less than the loss involved in a struggle to open union mills with non-union employees. No passions would be aroused, the final adjustment would be achieved without humiliation, and the union men would both be more likely to return to their work and, if they return, would bring back a better spirit than if an attempt had been made to fill their places by others. In our judgment, patient waiting would be both wise statesmanship and good strategy.

A Charter of Freedom

In bringing, with this issue of The Outlook, the series of articles "The Rights of Man" to a close, we wish to emphasize the truth on which that series is founded and which was implicit in though not prominent throughout the lectures of which this series is a partial reproduction. That truth is thus expressed by Oscar Strauss in his monograph on "The Origin of Republican Form of Government:"

> The form of government outlined by Moses, and practically developed under Joshua and his successors, first embodied the principles upon which the rights and liberties of a people should rest and be sustained. The Hebrew Commonwealth originated and organized a civil polity which the matured experience of after ages selected as the most perfect form of government.

It has been no object of the writer of this series to defend the Bible. In our judgment, the Bible needs no defense. The best way to commend it to the doubtful is to use it; the best way to demonstrate the wisdom of its principles is to interpret them and apply them to existing conditions. This is what the writer of this series has endeavored to do; this is what The Outlook endeavors to do in every issue. We decline to discuss the nature and degree of the authority of the Bible; we decline to appeal to it as infallibly true in all its conceptions of life and interpretations of duty, still less in all its historical and scientific statements. Claims made for the Bible which no Bible writer makes either for himself or for any other writer have brought the Bible into disrepute; such is always the effect of extravagance. But we recognize in this incomparable collection of literature, not only principles for the guidance of individual conduct, but also principles for the structure of the nation and for its wise direction in the way of justice and liberty, which history, that is, the experience of mankind, has amply confirmed. In this belief we go habitually to the Bible for those fundamental principles of both national and individual conduct which are to persons and communities in new situations what a compass is to a ship on the open sea. We take this occasion to acknowledge the Bible as the source of our ethical judgments on public as well as on private questions. We believe that if our states-

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men studied it more their political blunders would be fewer; we believe that if our children studied it more in their schools the political wisdom of the American people would be greater. Says Emile de Laveleye, in his essay introductory to Oscar Strauss's volume:

For my part I am convinced that future events will show more and more all that humanity owed in the past and will owe in the future to the people of Israel, though there are some misguided persons who are ungrateful and would drive them into the ghetto.

With this statement we absolutely agree. For the principles of individual conduct the supreme *vade mecum* is the New Testament, especially the teachings of Jesus Christ; for the principles of national life the supreme *vade mecum* is the Old Testament, especially the teachings of Moses and of the greater of the prophets. The New Testament is largely individual, the Old Testament is largely organic; but the two are coherent and consistent, and, combined, they furnish a text-book for human conduct which has no parallel in any production of either ancient or modern times. We claim neither for this series on "The Rights of Man" in particular, nor for the instructions of The Outlook in general, any originality; but we claim for both an honest endeavor to understand, and to apply to modern questions, the eternal principles which find their supreme exposition in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments.

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Distributing Homesteads by Lot

The distribution of land by lot in Oklahoma last week proved an immense gain over the method by which the earlier reservations in that Territory were opened to settlement, but fell far short of the almost ideal workings of the "homestead" law in every other part of the Federal domain. In all the other Territories the land taken up under the Homestead Act has always been on the extreme borders of civilization, and has had little value except to the families willing to undergo the hardships of frontier life in order to obtain homes. Their labor has given to the land nearly all the value which it acquired for years, and paved the way for the railroads, the varied industries and denser settlement, which slowly followed. In Oklahoma or Indian Territory, on the contrary, the lands were artificially withheld from settlement until civilization had encompassed them on every side, and much of the land had great value before the homesteaders had cleared a single acre or raised a single beam. Under these circumstances the opening of the first reservations in Oklahoma under the old rule of "first come, first served" was marked by shameful scenes of violence and fraud, such as were described by Mr. Speed in our columns three weeks ago. As we remarked at the time of the last mad race for claims, our Government seemed to have added a new principle of division to those described in the old epigram: "Aristocracy—to each according to his breed; plutocracy—to each according to his greed; democracy—to each according to his deed." In Oklahoma a mobocracy was established, with the guiding principle, "To each according to his speed." But even this principle was not followed, since many of the best claims were wrenched from the fleetest by the stealth of "sooners" and by the violence of ruffians. This year distribution by lot was substituted, and we had at least the satisfaction of knowing that there was for all applicants an equal chance.

Nevertheless, the distribution by lot of homesteads already worth fortunes was attended by some of the demoralizing excitement which accompanies the drawings of an ordinary lottery, though in this case the disappointed many were not impoverished for the enrichment of the fortunate few. The two reservations divided—the Kiowa and Comanche—contained a little over three thousand square miles, or, in other words, were about three times the size of Rhode Island. This area made possible the distribution of thirteen thousand homesteads of a hundred and sixty acres each among those desiring to enter claims. The applicants, however, numbered nearly one hundred and seventy thousand, so that only one in thirteen could receive a homestead. In this case there was no popular prejudice against being the thirteenth man. The scene in the little town of El Reno, when the drawing was about to

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take place, is well described in one of Monday's despatches:

El Reno yesterday cared for fully 15,000 people, and the trains that came in during the night and morning doubled the number. Hundreds of others are still bound this way. Sunday was spent quietly, but as night came on men and women, many of whom had waited patiently for months for the morrow's event, or had traveled thousands of miles to participate in it, became anxious. Worn out with days of hardships and nights of poor accommodations, they were keyed to a high tension, but all were hopeful and each seemed confident that his or hers would prove a lucky number. Hundreds remained awake, walking the streets.

When the long-awaited drawing began on Tuesday morning, the excited crowd cheered the winners of the first prizes, and bore with equanimity, and finally with fortitude, the steady whittling away of the hopes of twelve-thirteenths of them all. The first names drawn for each of the reservations were indeed prize-winners, for their possessors were entitled to their one hundred and sixty acres wherever they chose within the reservation. As town-sites were already located in each district, the drawers of the first numbers could, of course, select land immediately adjoining these sites. In one district the option was rumored to be worth $40,000. If this be true, it would seem that the land immediately about this site should have been included within it and reserved for sale at its market value. The Homestead Law was not framed for the distribution of city lots. When the drawer of the second prize or second choice in this favored district proved to be an unmarried young woman of precisely the same height as the young man who had drawn the first choice, the cheering crowd took up the cry, "They must get married." Such union of claims is, of course, permissible, but only in case the two owners continue to live on their separate claims for the five years necessary to perfect their title. The law does not contemplate the awarding of more than one claim to any one family. The law also guards against the taking up of claims by speculators by declaring the title null if any contract is made for its sale before the five years are ended. In order to avoid confusion, the Department gave notice that the first one hundred and twenty-five names drawn would be called at the registration offices on August 6, when their possessors must designate the quarter-sections they wished to enter. The day following, the next one hundred and twenty-five would be disposed of, and so on until all the successful applicants have had their opportunity. The Department of the Interior estimates that at least two thousand of these applicants will either prove to be disqualified to enter claims or else will abandon them, thinking them not worth the time and toil necessary to acquire full title. Their quarter-sections will, of course, be open to settlement by some of the men who went to El Reno, not in the gambler's hope of acquiring a fortune by the drawing of a lucky number, but in the pioneer's hope of securing an opportunity to clear their way to independence through their own patient toil. It is rumored that the plan of allotting lands, instead of permitting another mad scramble for the best claims, was suggested to the Department of the Interior by the system pursued in New Zealand and described by Mr. Henry D. Lloyd in his "Newest England." The suggestion, wherever it came from, has certainly brought a great gain, and this gain will be still further enhanced if, at the opening of the next reservation, the New Zealand model is followed still more closely through the careful sifting of the list of applicants in advance, so as to exclude the mere adventurers and speculators and give a preference to men with families who own no homes elsewhere, but are able and anxious to do the work of pioneers for the pioneer's reward.

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Shall We Resume Missions in China?

The proposal that the Christian Church should retreat from China, at least for the present, or should confine itself in China to the treaty ports or other districts where no perils are threatened, has been so urgently presented, and in such quarters, that it has undoubtedly exerted some influence even on that portion of the community which has been wont to support the missionary cause by its contributions. To this we are inclined to attribute the falling off in donations this year reported by the American Board. The ablest

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presentation of this view which we have seen is that contained in an article in the "Nineteenth Century" on "The Missionaries and the Empire," by Frederick Greenwood. The gist of this article is represented by the following two questions:

> To come to the point, then, is this a time—I mean now, this year—for reinstalling missionaries in those provinces of China which were swept with riot and massacre so lately? If the attempt is to be made, is it to be made as if nothing had happened, and without regard to the provocations or irritations which are felt to be unbearable, whether with much reason or with none?

To the first of these questions we reply unhesitatingly, Yes; to the second no less unhesitatingly we reply, No.

If the object of Christian missions is what Mr. Greenwood seems to assume it to be, to save souls and gather in converts, and if its success is to be measured by a census of the souls saved and the converts gathered in, there would be much force in his argument that it is no better to save one soul than another, and that if the missionaries are sent elsewhere "full as many converts would be brought into the Christian churches, or more, for they would not go in fear." But this is by no means the sole nor even the chief object of missions. The Christian believes that false religion is the basis of barbarism, and Christian faith is the basis of civilization.

So long as man believes that the supernatural powers are malignant and that any incursion into their territory is resented and punished, that to open mines, build railroads, initiate steam navigation upon the rivers, use the same electricity which forms the thunderbolt, is to put on the gods an indignity which they resent, so long civilization is impossible. The Christian believes that he has a simple message for all mankind: that God is love, that man is God's child, that to man God has given the world for his use and enjoyment, that the attestation and revelation of this are furnished by the life, the teachings, and the death of Jesus Christ. In this message is the secret of civilization. The salvation which the Christian preaches is a salvation from present ill; the convert that he makes is a convert to love and life; the soul that he saves is the soul of a living man, living in bondage under fear, saved unto liberty by love. If the Christian really believes that he has this message, and that his fellow-men are in this bondage, and that the only possible way for them to escape from it into the glory of the liberty of the children of God is through the Gospel of Jesus, the Son of God, a burden is laid upon him to give this message, and give it he must, cost what it may. A church which did not possess this message, or which, possessing it, did not care to give it to others, or which, wishing to give it to others, was not willing to sacrifice comfort, ease, and, if necessary, life itself in order to give this message, would be no church of Christ. If the Church shall ever abandon missions, it will abandon its right to the name of Christ, for Christ himself was the first great missionary, and Christ called on all his disciples to follow him in his missionary career.

It is evident that the Government must extend to the missionary engaged in this mission the same protection that it extends to other citizens engaged in lawful business. If a minister has the same right which is possessed by every other citizen to ask protection in an American city from a mob, a missionary has the same right which is possessed by any other citizen of the United States in China to ask protection from a Chinese mob. The United States cannot discriminate either for or against the missionary or teacher; it must treat merchant and minister alike as men, and not concern itself with their vocation any further than to ask, Is it lawful? This much Mr. Greenwood concedes. But not only is it the duty of the State to protect the minister at home and the missionary abroad; it is equally the duty of the minister at home and the missionary abroad to avail themselves of such protection, since it is their duty to avail themselves of every right and rational means which will protect and promote them in their beneficent work. In so doing they do but follow the example of Paul, who on more than one occasion claimed the protection of Roman law for himself as a Roman citizen; they do but follow the example of Christ, who appealed, though in vain, to the sanctions of the Jewish law against the injustice perpetrated upon him in the name and under the forms of that law by the high priest and his servants. The principle is very

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simple; the application ought not to be difficult. The missionary is simply an American citizen. He is entitled to no peculiar privileges because he is a missionary. He is not to be denied, nor is he to be asked to forego, any protection which is furnished to other American citizens.

But in protecting him it appears to us the function of the United States Government ceases. It may be the duty, in many cases it is the duty, of America to protect Americans in China against mobs of Chinamen; but it is not the duty of America to protect some Chinamen against other Chinamen. The fact that a Chinaman is a Christian no more entitles him to our protection than the fact that he is a Mohammedan, a Buddhist, or a Confucianist. It is not the function of the United States to establish religious freedom in China, or any freedom in China, or to furnish to Chinese citizens protection to persons or property against Chinese mobs. This is the function of the Chinese Government, and to the Chinese Government Chinamen should look for their protection. If it be said that no protection will be given, that Chinese Christians will be subjected to indignity, persecution, and the sword, the answer is, so were primitive Christians subjected to indignity, persecution, and the sword in the Roman Empire. He who is not willing to endure the hazards of his faith has not a faith which deserves the title Christian. If we have made treaties with China for the protection of Chinese converts, we have made a mistake, because such a treaty binds upon us responsibilities which we ought not to have undertaken, and which history has shown we cannot fulfill.

So far as we can judge, most of the religious difficulties in China have grown out of the attempt on the part of so-called Christian nations to protect Christian Chinamen from other Chinamen. The complaint is made by Chinamen that converts "look upon Christianity as releasing them from obedience to Chinese law, and also refuse to obey the rules which are binding on their neighbors. . . . That is the official complaint, and not that the people have turned to a strange religion." Whether this complaint is well grounded or not, it could not be made if the Christian converts possessed no special privileges of exemption from Chinese law and no especial protection from American law not possessed by other Chinamen.

To sum all up, the Christian missionaries should go back to their work as rapidly as possible, as they are going back, and Christians at home should give them a more real and hearty support than is being given to them by the Christian Church. But the Chinese converts should have neither political nor judicial privileges because they are converts. It is very doubtful whether the perils to life and property have not been increased by demanding such privileges; it is very doubtful whether missions would not make really greater progress in China if such privileges were not demanded. But, whatever the results, it appears to us certain that this demand of special protection for Chinese Christians is unreasonable and unjust. If any similar demand were made for special privileges or special protection of Americans in our own country because they had become Confucianists, we should reject it instantly and unhesitatingly.

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What is Christianity?

The review of Dr. Harnack's book bearing the above title, and the account of its author, given on another page, afford an occasion for the suggestion of an answer to this fundamental question—a suggestion rather than an answer, for Christianity is so large and so many-sided that no one will imagine that a complete answer can be given to the question in one article or by one writer.

Christianity is first of all a great historical movement. Beginning in the first century of the so-called Christian era, it has, like a river, flowed through the ages, constituting the real history of the Occidental world. It is the secret of all civilization—material, political, educational. It is the development not merely of a new church organization, a new religious philosophy, a new ritual, and a new spirit in worship; it is also the development of a new education, a new industry, a new political order—in a word, it is the development of a new humanity. As Brahmanism is India and Confucianism is China, so Christianity is Europe. To

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speak more accurately, Europe is Christianity transforming paganism; what is distinctive in European civilization is Christianity. Christianity is the great historical fact, or faith in the great historical fact, that a Deliverer has appeared on the earth, who has come to overthrow oppression, to emancipate the enslaved, to educate the ignorant, to take away sin, to unite all men to God their Father, and so every man to every other man as his brother. It is not merely a new system of ethics, though a new system of ethics has grown out of it; not merely a new system of theology, though a new conception of God and man's relation to God has grown out of it. It is a new and divine life in the world, which has revolutionized all old forms of organization because imparting to those that believe in it a new spirit which could not live in the old forms, and which was vital enough and strong enough to dissolve them and create new forms for its habitation. The inspiration of this life has been faith that Jesus Christ is the world's Deliverer and the world's Master, and that his power to deliver and his authority to rule are attested by his life, his teachings, his death, and his resurrection.

Growing out of this faith and the secret of this life is a new experience. It cannot be defined in a sentence; indeed, it transcends all definitions. Its expressions are to be found in the sermons of the Church rather than in its creeds, and in the songs of the Church rather than in its sermons. It is a new experience toward God, an experience of friendship, companionship, fellowship, founded on mutuality of love, in lieu of a pagan experience of awe founded on fear. It is a new experience toward men as brethren, a new sense of the solidarity of the race as something transcending all solidarities dependent upon blood or intellectual agreement or spiritual congeniality, a new experience of sympathy, pity, mercy, out of which have grown asylums, hospitals, schools, churches—all various forms of curative and alleviative institutions and work. It is a new experience of aspiration and ambition, of hope and desire, an experience which, on the one hand, cannot be satisfied by life, nor, on the other hand, quenched by death. It is a new sense of immortality, a new appreciation of the use of life as a means of service, of the value of life as an opportunity for development, of the power of life as victorious over death.

This threefold experience of the soul's relation to God, of the soul's relation to other souls, and of the soul's relation to life itself, is all derived from and dependent on a perception of the divine in Jesus Christ, of the human in Jesus Christ, of the abundance of unquenchable life in Jesus Christ. This experience is not, indeed, absolutely unique; something like it may be found in the experiences of the Old Testament saints, and of the purest and best of the pagan moralists; but it is so enhanced in power as manifested in Christianity as to be essentially and effectually new. It is new as spring is new, which brings new manifestations of lovely life out of loveless seeds; as youth is new, which develops new powers out of faculties which were unperceived, except by a fond hope, in the babe. As the earth is the same earth and the sun is the same sun in June as in March, so man is the same man and God the same God in pagan as in Christian communities. But in Christianity God and man approach each other, and a new life issues from a humanity which was before not really lifeless but was winter-wrapped.

Out of this experience has grown the Christian creed. In its simplest form that creed is that God is good and loves his children, and desires their holiness and happiness, and will help them to be holy and happy if they will but let him do so. In its fuller form it is that this goodness of God has been realized by ancient prophets and declared by them; that it has been realized in the great Deliverer and has been manifested in him; and that in this manifestation of God in his goodness God draws near to humanity, as the sun draws near the earth, and so the world of man approaches its summer solstice and finds therein the secret of a blossoming and a fruitful life. All Christian doctrines of Revelation, Trinity, Incarnation, Atonement, Sacrifice, Regeneration, are attempts to state in philosophic forms this vital faith, that God has come into the world in Jesus Christ, that man can come unto God through Jesus Christ, and that in this mutual coming man finds the

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experience of a new faith, the inspiration of a new hope, and the creation of a new love. All Christian creeds are expressions of the faith more simply expressed by John in the sentence: "To as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God."

Christianity is more than a new humanity, though a new humanity is begotten by it; more than a new philosophy of religion, though a new philosophy of the religious life has grown out of it; more than a new experience, though its summer warmth has inspired in human lives experiences of love and joy and peace before unknown; more than a new history, though a new history began with the new faith which Christ's resurrection gave to mankind. Christianity is a new power in the world, or so new a manifestation of the power ever in the world as to have all the effect of newness, creating a new world-history because creating a new life in the individuals whose combined biography makes human history.

If any reader says that this definition of Christianity is inadequate, we agree with him; we also think it is inadequate. Who will assume to give an adequate answer to the question, What is Christianity? Who can do more than give to it a partial and fragmentary answer?

❀

The Spectator

Hot weather, being a time of disinclination to activity, is convenient for meditation. The Spectator, being a suburbanite of Gotham, sees things that excite his wonder, and he would like to propound a few hot-weather queries.

❀

When the great ferryboats disgorge their multitudes upon the city streets, a very large proportion of each boat-load rush frantically ashore and make swift course for the first car. No matter if it be overcrowded with people packed into unpleasant proximity with each other, no matter if another car of the same line will start out in one minute and a half, or less, that first car is the all-important thing. One might expect this of men or women on the way to their daily toil, but these crowders are quite as likely to be ladies out for shopping, who, their district once gained, will be very likely to dally in doubt for half an hour between two shades of a ribbon, or sundry cheap patterns of lace or insertion or whatever it may be. Therefore the puzzled Spectator wonders why that haste for the first car.

❀

On Broadway or the avenues the vast majority of people who wish to ride scramble for the so-called "open car"—which is pretty nearly sure to be sardinated (if one might so say) with five passengers on each seat, and sundry others standing in the narrow space between the knees of the seated row and the back of the next seat. Yet in usually less than two or three minutes will come sliding along a so-called "closed car," with windows and doors all open, and a delightful thorough-draft sending its cool stream of air between the widely separated side-seats, not one-third filled with people. Why this insensate rush for an "open car," which is closed to all comfort, and neglect of a "closed car," open to pleasantness and peace? Is it all a matter of label? Probably; since in politics, religion, medicine, and all the rest, the average man or woman is more anxious to have the right label than to have the genuine thing in the bottle. Yet that does not altogether answer the question, Why?

❀

Of course one is tempted to ask the reason for the feminine persistence in stepping off a car at right angles or backward, instead of facing forward, in natural position to take the one or two steps needed to preserve one's balance before overcoming the momentum one has as a part of the moving vehicle. But seeing by the papers a few days since that another person had been thrown to the ground, and, with cracked skull, been actually killed by the carelessness, the Spectator concludes that the custom is a ruling passion and beyond reason. Perhaps the lower hold on the rear brace, attached to the dash-board of the car, is the allurement, since many women may be seen to change an armful of bundles from one hand to the other, both getting on and getting off, in order to be able to take that dangerous hold, rather than to seize

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the forward brace, on the car itself, in front of the step. But, whatever the cause, it is evidently inaccessible to suggestion, and there is no use asking, Why?

❀

It has been said that only two classes in this country are free from the weakness of living beyond their income—millionaires and tramps, our "leisure classes." That is a wholesomely chastening topic for meditation in hot weather, since the most of us belong to neither class. One result might be that the thirsty-throat owner would pause before wasting divers series of five or ten cent investments in vain attempts to win more than an instant's relief in fizzing water or other liquids. That attempt, indeed, is more than mere money-dropping; it is the purchase of, say, fifteen seconds of a tickled palate with the endurance of at least fifteen minutes of positive discomfort through the consequent rush of blood to the surface and the increased activity of all the sudatory glands and pores—"heat and humidity" multiplied. Some speculative individual reckoned that, at ten cents each for at least two "soft drinks" apiece for 2,000,000 out of the 3,500,000 people in New York, there must have been an average of $200,000 a day spent during the heated term in that one great city, not to mention the wine and spirit drinking. And the most of the money was wasted, so far as concerns any real gain in physical comfort or relief from the distresses of the heat. Why are people so reckless in these small expenditures (this, of course, being but one illustration of it)? Why, indeed, are they willing to pay a very considerable increase of discomfort for the very brief indulgence in the cooling stream as it gurgles down the throat—but, alas! almost immediately rushes to the surface of face and body, carrying renewed heats and perspiratory discomforts? Why?

❀

We hear much at times of the Nonconformist conscience in England and the Puritan conscience in New England. Noble elements, both of them, in spite of Macaulay's witty suggestion of their objection to bull-baiting, not because it hurt the animal but that it gave pleasure to the onlookers. Yet it is just along that line of unamiability that the conscientious Puritan needs to watch himself. The New England stories of Mary Wilkins and Alice Brown offer numerous examples of men and women who, in their conscientious reserve of expression, are very careful not to cheapen kindliness by too frequent or too free disclosure. One might perhaps understand that characteristic were it thoroughly consistent; but why should these "reserved" people be so sensitive about expressions of affection, while they are prompt and keen to express disapprobation, discontent, and critical comment? Why should the reserve be exercised exclusively in repressing the pleasant side of life, and free course be given to the unamiable feelings? Of course in hot weather it seems easier to be cross than serene; yet, in fact, it requires more physical nerve-action and mental effort to display one's critical sense than good-naturedly to acquiesce in the rulings of Providence even as registered in the foolish acts of one's friends. Conscience is a fine regulator of one's own conduct; but when it comes to others, why not try good nature and simple kindliness? The ancient fables are always in vogue, with their "morals"—the wind and the sun, vinegar and honey, frowns and smiles. Who needs the application of this sermonette?

❀

Perhaps it would be hard for most of us to take the position of the valet of an English nobleman in whose household the prayers of the Church were daily read. This individual came to his master and said that he must leave his lordship's service at once. "Your lordship will have us say every morning, 'We have done those things which we ought not to have done and we have left undone those things which we ought to have done.' Now, I have often done things I ought not, your lordship, but that I have left undone things that I should have done I deny, flatly; and I will not say it, nor stay here to listen to it." May all of our consciences be as "void of offense" as that, and especially in the matter of doing the little deeds and saying the little words of kindness that make the world a friendlier and a lovelier place!

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The Anarchists in America

By Francis H. Nichols

THE murder of Humbert I., King of Italy, on July 29, 1900, the anniversary of which was last week made the occasion of public rejoicings and addresses by Anarchists in Paterson, was the fourth of a series of Anarchist assassinations of the rulers of nations which have startled the world during the last four years. In all four cases the assassins were Italians. President Carnot, of France; Canovas, Prime Minister of Spain, and Elizabeth, Empress of Austria, all perished at the hands of men who were subjects of the King who was himself the last of Anarchy's victims.

Gaetano Bresci, Humbert's assassin, who recently took his own life in his cell in San Stefano prison, came from Paterson, N. J., where his American wife survives him. Since Bresci's suicide foreign despatches tell of frustrated plots by Italian Anarchists to kill the Kaiser of Germany and the King of Spain. The starting point of both murderers was said to be the United States. This country is without doubt the center and headquarters of the Italian latter-day Anarchy, which is far more dangerous than any of the forms which have preceded.

In theory it has progressed not a particle beyond the universal system of government destruction which was founded by Bakunin, but both in spirit and application it is different. The Italian Anarchist does not cherish that blind personal hatred of individuals and institutions that characterized the cart-tail oratory preceding the Haymarket riot in Chicago. He has little to say about his own hard lot or starvation wages. Almost without exception the Italian Anarchists are regularly employed in some trade at fair pay. Some have comfortable savings-bank accounts.

To understand them we must understand the Italian character and its capabilities for devotion to a purely theoretical liberty. These Italian Anarchists have the spirit which found utterance in the liberty fervor of Mazzini in '48, whose contagion started revolutions.

On Mazzini's banner were the four words, "God and the People." For the Italian Anarchist the first obligation is of course eliminated, but the second is an altar on which he considers his life a small sacrifice, and for him the voice of his people says only, "Kill."

Latter-day Anarchists seldom preach or agitate for their faith. Publicly they seldom speak of it. By individual persuasion they try to make proselytes to their cause, but never in the open. They labor with a prospective convert as a missionary might with one whose soul he was trying to save. They are sure that he enrolls under the red flag with his eyes open, and that he realizes the hatred, persecution, and possibly even death that awaits his devotion to anarchy. They are more like a sect of political heretics apart, studying to perfect themselves in their life religion. None of the four great recent Anarchist assassinations has been accomplished by any of the melodramatic scenery or effects that one is apt to expect of an Anarchist maneuver.

No palaces were undermined with dynamite. No bombs were thrown into royal processions. In every case the Anarchist killed his victim with a simple weapon as calmly and as stoically as a premeditated suicide might walk off a Battery Park pier with a policeman looking on.

In nearly all the Continental nations to be even suspected of being an Anarchist is equivalent to being a criminal punishable with imprisonment or exile. For a man who has been known to actually advocate law-destruction there is really but one escape, and that is America. The consequence is that the men and women Anarchists who have come to this country during the last seven or eight years have all been graduates of Anarchist antecedents in Italy. The era of doubt and questioning with them is over. They have reached a point where they are out-and-out Anarchists, else they would not have been obliged to leave their native land. The Italian Anarchist in America is a veteran, not a cadet. Ninety per

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cent. of the Anarchists in Italy are found in the northern provinces of Lombardy and Piedmont, the section of the country where education is most general. Silk weaving in the mills is one of the chief industries of that part of the country. When the first of the present Italian group came to the United States they naturally drifted to Paterson, N. J., whose enormous silk industry afforded them an opportunity of continuing the trade they had learned in Italy. For the others who followed there was the additional inducement of living with their fellow-townsmen who had preceded them. The result is that Paterson has come to be the center of what is probably the most important Anarchist group in the world. Once regularly employed in Paterson, and realizing American free speech, the Anarchist makes no secret of his political faith. To be sure, he does not shout it from the housetops or bore every one he meets by talking about it, for that is not his way; but if asked for a sincere expression he never hesitates to tell you that he believes the greatest immediate benefit that could be conferred upon humanity would be the destruction of all its rulers.

The Anarchists had little in common with the rest of the Italian population in Paterson. Their favorite meeting-places were each other's tenement-house rooms, where, in the evenings, after the day's last yard of silk had been run off the bobbins, they met and studied and discussed. Paterson does not contain all the latter-day Anarchists of America. There is a very large colony of them in West Hoboken, N. J., many live in Macdougal and Houston Street tenements in New York City, while others are scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific; but, wherever they are, they constantly are in touch with the group in Paterson, whom they recognize as the center of Anarchist activity in the Western hemisphere. It was in the midst of this group that Enrico Malatesta appeared in 1898.

To say that Malatesta ever arrives at a place is almost a misapplication of terms. No one, not even the Anarchists themselves, knows the reasons which cause his advent anywhere. For almost twenty years he has appeared among men of his creed in almost every large city of the world. His visits are sometimes short and sometimes prolonged into months and even years. After his purpose, whatever it may be, is accomplished he disappears again, perhaps not to be heard from for a long while, and he may then turn up in some distant corner of the globe.

Enrico Malatesta is, without doubt, the most important figure in the Anarchy of these latter days. He cannot correctly be called either an agitator or a prophet, because he never appeals publicly for his cause. Silent, cold, and plotting, he is, rather, the living, working genius of Anarchy itself. With these men whose lives are devoted to the destruction of all authority Malatesta's word is law. When he advises or suggests any ambitious member of an Anarchist group throughout the world for some act of assassination, the man selected feels honored at the choice, and becomes the object of his companions' envy. For him to weaken or show the slightest degree of hesitation would make him a coward to his own conscience and bring upon himself the death by secret assassination by which Anarchists punish traitors. Malatesta is now about fifty years old. He is one of the very few Anarchists who originated in southern Italy. He belongs to an old family whose natural legacy to him would have been wealth and social position, but Malatesta turned his back on the allurements that would have appealed to the ambition of most men.

After graduating with honor from an Italian university, he became an Anarchist. His family disowned him and the Government hunted him. He was driven into exile and began the mysterious nomadic wanderings which he has continued ever since. As his power and influence grew among Anarchists all over the world, he became dreaded and feared as much in other countries as in Italy. With the exception of England the appearance of Malatesta in any nation in Europe would at once be the signal for his immediate arrest and close imprisonment. Yet there is no doubt that, incognito, he has lived for long periods in the capitals where he is dreaded as an evil spirit. He is known to have been a resident during the last five years of both France and Spain. His residence anywhere is said by European detectives to be always fol-

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lowed by an attempt to kill the head of the nation. This may be something of an exaggeration, but there can be little doubt that Enrico Malatesta was the head and moving spirit of all the conspiracies which have recently startled the world by the awful success which attended their execution. Personally he is quiet and reserved to the point of taciturnity. In manner he is mild and gentle; his conversation, in any of the several languages of which he is master, is that of an accomplished man of the world. He is described as having a very pleasant smile, but seldom laughs.

As at every previous move in his life, Malatesta's appearance in Paterson was unheralded and unexpected. He was seen by some of his friends one day drinking at the bar of an Italian saloon called "The Bartholdi." From that moment Anarchists everywhere recognized the group at Paterson as the most important in the world. The genuine spirit of Anarchy dwelt in its midst.

From students and enthusiasts Paterson Anarchists became aggressive workers in the cause of destruction. In a little upstairs back room on Market Street was founded "La Questione Sociale." For a while Malatesta was its only editor, and then, as the scope of his labors and plottings increased, he brought over a Spanish Anarchist named Pedro Esteve to assist him as sub-editor. There is no denying that in its way "La Questione Sociale" is a well-written paper. It is much freer from personalities and denunciations of individuals than one would expect from an Anarchist organ. Its articles are nearly all long editorials that are intense but not rabid. In none of them does the writer seem to have lost his self-control. Many of them are cynical and sarcastic rather than violent. Malatesta's stay in Paterson was long enough to learn the personnel of his admirers very thoroughly. He knew the capacities of each—how far each man's brain and nerve could be trusted for carrying out his share of the plot which the master mind was planning. Then Malatesta disappeared again. Anarchists say that he went to South America to look after a budding colony of his followers in Buenos Ayres. But it is largely a matter of conjecture. It is quite as likely that he is living under an assumed name in Italy as that he is openly organizing Anarchy in Argentina.

One day in the fall of 1899 a man walked into a little café in Macdougal Street in New York and shook hands with the proprietor. The visitor was Malatesta come back again to America.

For several months following, his refined face, partly hidden by his careless slouch hat, was a familiar figure on Bleecker and Houston Streets. He lived in lodging-houses and fifteen-cent hotels with the poorest of laborers. During the winter, at a hall on Bleecker Street, not far from Mills Hotel No. 1, he delivered a series of lectures on Anarchy to Italian workingmen. The lectures constituted a regular course, to which the auditors subscribed by ticket. Malatesta conducted them with all the decorum and dignity of a college professor before his class. Thoughtful questions he answered, and he endeavored to make plain the hard points of Anarchy. But there were no violent discussions, none of the ebullitions of ignorance which have always in the past marked Anarchists' gatherings. Through the lectures Malatesta drew around him a small coterie of men whom he understood better than they understood themselves, and whom he inspired with a burning desire to do something for Anarchy. One of these was Gaetano Bresci. In Anarchist vernacular he was one of the humblest of proletarians, a weaver, thirty-five years old. He possessed that ignorant "little learning" which has ever been a "dangerous thing."

He was the sort of man who has many limitations but can do two things well—keep a secret and strike a blow. Bresci came to West Hoboken six years ago from Prato, a suburb of Florence. His parents were extremely poor, and his early education was as limited as is usually the case with children of the working class in Italian cities. A brother of Bresci was a shoemaker; another, Angelo, entered the Italian army as a private, and by good conduct and devotion to duty rose to the rank of lieutenant. Bresci was an Anarchist when he came to West Hoboken, and the letters of introduction he brought with him from Europe readily gained him admittance into the Anarchist group of Paterson.

During his second year in America he

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was married by a justice of the peace to Sophia Knieland, an American of about his own age. He worked at his trade, first in West Hoboken and later in Paterson, up to the day that he sailed for Italy to kill the King. During the week he boarded with some fellow Anarchists in a hotel in Paterson. His Sundays he spent with his wife and child in their tenement-house home in West Hoboken. In appearance Bresci was delicate even to the point of being consumptive-looking; he was thin and sallow, and had the factory stoop of the shoulders. His mouth was firm and his lips thin and compressed. His eyes were small and bright. He spoke English only very imperfectly.

Next to Anarchy, Madeline, the three-year-old daughter of the regicide, was his idol. She has the large blue eyes of her American mother, but her dark clustering hair and clear olive skin are a legacy from her father. Bresci never returned from Paterson on a Saturday evening without a bunch of bananas or a bag of candy for Madeline. It was his delight to spend whole hours romping on all fours with her on the floor. The day after the assassination of the King, Mrs. Bresci, in West Hoboken, hoping against hope that her husband was not the murderer, used as an argument his devotion to his child. "Gaetano could not have done it," she said simply; "he was sometimes an Anarchist, but when he played with Madeline he was himself a child."

Outside of the group at Paterson, Bresci never said much about Anarchy. To be sure, he used often to remark regretfully that all governments were wrong, and he sometimes read aloud "La Questione's" editorials to Mrs. Bresci, who understands Italian, but he never gave her the slightest intimation of how deep was his devotion to the cause.

It was in January, 1900, that Bresci first began to complain of his failing health. He said he was threatened with consumption, and told his wife that his speedy decline could only be prevented by his spending a few months with his brother in Italy. He did not name the date upon which he expected to start until only a few days before he sailed; then he suddenly appeared one evening from Paterson with a French line steerage ticket and a hundred dollars, which, he explained, he had saved for traveling expenses. As a matter of fact it was undoubtedly the result of a collection among the group.

It was while Bresci was complaining of ill health that he purchased a cheap revolver at a gun store in Paterson. In the early spring, on several occasions, accompanied by his wife and child, he spent the day in the woods back of Weehawken. While Madeline and her mother searched for wild flowers among the trees Bresci practiced shooting at a target with a revolver.

On La Gascogne, in the latter part of May, Bresci sailed on the mission. He spent a few days in London, probably to receive some final instructions from Malatesta. He visited the Paris Exposition, and from there sent a silk handkerchief to Madeline with his name, "Gaetano," embroidered in crimson in the corner.

It would be hard to imagine a plot more simple, or an instrument more obscure. It was without dynamite, secret rendezvous, or cipher despatches. Only a latter-day zealot carrying a cheap American revolver. But his obscurity and the plot's simplicity were his chief protection. Had the Italian Secret Service been forewarned of his intention, they would have declared its accomplishment impossible. To a Mulberry Street detective it would have seemed ridiculous. But Bresci, his aim perfected by practicing in Weehawken woods, carried out his mission, and killed the King in his carriage at Monza.

The news that Bresci had realized the hopes with which they had bade him farewell in Paterson caused great rejoicing in the group there. On the day following the Monza tragedy a cablegram of congratulation was sent to the regicide from the silk looms of Paterson. Of course the men and women who sent it knew perfectly well that he would never be allowed to receive it. It was only a notice to the Italian Government that the "committee" of Bresci's fellow Anarchists in this country were ready for further acts of violence.

The killing of Humbert has given an impetus to this latter-day Anarchy in America. It has made positive converts of doubting Italians, and attracted the attention of hundreds who believed that the "times are out of joint" but had heretofore seen no cure in Anarchy. Paterson

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Anarchists deny publicly that they were aware of Bresci's intentions when he sailed for Europe. But their every action belies their words. They are almost insanely proud of having known him. His portrait on a button they wear in their coat lapels. They talk about giving poor, innocent little Madeline an Anarchist education which will perpetuate the memory of her father. The editorials of "La Questione Sociale" tell at great length why Humbert deserved to die, and what a glorious martyr Bresci is.

The question has been many times asked since Humbert's assassination whether our own Government is in danger and whether the President of the United States is regarded by this class of its residents as belonging to the same category with the rulers of Europe.

While any Anarchist purpose is a subject upon which it is extremely difficult to speak positively, many things indicate that, far from wishing to kill an American President, Italian Anarchists hope for his protection and preservation, and the same is true of Edward VII. of Great Britain.

In the present status of modern Anarchy, England and the United States are the only asylums in the entire civilized world for men who believe the king-killing philosophy. Without press censorship, with only a nominal restriction to their wildest utterances, Anarchists find an opportunity for the spread of the propaganda in Great Britain and America which is denied them elsewhere. Their creed has never yet in this country been the slightest hindrance to their earning a livelihood. They thoroughly realize this, and know that these favorable conditions would be reversed if American sentiment were once aroused by an attack on the Chief Executive of the Nation. In a recent editorial on the death of Humbert, an Anarchist paper in San Francisco said: "The Anarchists are treated with sufficiently gross injustice, even in this country. But they are at least allowed the right of conducting a peaceful propaganda; and the consequence is that McKinley, hated and despised though he is, needs no body-guard to protect him from the attacks of revolutionists. So is it in Great Britain. No official there has ever been killed by an Anarchist. England has adopted a comparatively liberal policy toward revolutionary propagandists, and is reaping the fruits of her wisdom in the security of her ruling class."

Enrico Malatesta when last heard from was living quietly over an Italian bakery in an obscure corner of London. The Italian Foreign Office is said to be making appeals to England to have him extradited and sent back to Italy by international courtesy.

Malatesta's most able lieutenant now in this country is Pedro Esteve, the present editor of "La Questione Sociale" in Paterson. A more amiable, cultivated, and really scholarly man it would be hard to find anywhere. He is about forty-five years old. If you knew nothing of his antecedents you would take him at once for a professor in some university of the Continent. With his wife and six-year-old son he lives in a comfortable little flat on Clay Street, in the Italian quarter of Paterson. His lodgings are plainly and simply furnished, but are in excellent taste and exceedingly comfortable. On the walls of the parlor are bronze medallions of Bakunin, Prince Kropotkin, Valiant, who threw a bomb into the French Chamber of Deputies, and several other of the exemplars of modern Anarchy. On his book-shelves, along with French pamphlets by Jean Grave, are Emerson's Essays. For Emerson, Mr. Esteve maintains, was a simon-pure Anarchist without knowing it.

While almost totally ignorant of the English language, Mr. Esteve speaks French, Spanish, and Italian with equal fluency.

"Gaetano Bresci," he said, "was my friend. I regard his acquaintance as perhaps the greatest honor in my life. In killing the King of Italy he realized the futility of attempting to overthrow the system of Italian despotism. He was not insane enough to expect that a change of government would follow his act. But how else could he let the people of Italy know that there was any such force in the world as Anarchy? Anarchists there are hunted like wild beasts. We cannot meet; we cannot even whisper to each other. We cannot publish papers or write books. The Government had come to the conclusion that it had stamped out Anarchy, but when Bresci struck it realized that it had failed."

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The Man from Glengarry

By Ralph Connor

Author of "Black Rock," "The Sky Pilot," etc.

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Chapter VII.—Maimie

BEFORE Hughie came back from the sugar camp, the minister had returned from the presbytery, bringing with him his wife's niece, Maimie St. Clair, who had come from her home in a Western city to meet him. Her father, Eugene St. Clair, was a wealthy lumberman, of the firm of Raymond, St. Clair & Co. Seventeen years before this time he had married Mrs. Murray's elder sister, and established his home with every prospect of a prosperous and happy life, but after four short, bright years of almost perfect joy, his young wife, his heart's idol, after two days' illness, fluttered out from her beautiful home, leaving with her broken-hearted husband her little boy and a baby girl two weeks old. Then Eugene St. Clair besought his sister to come out from England and preside over his home and care for his children; and that he might forget his grief, he gave himself, heart and mind, to his business. Wealth came to him, and under his sister's rule his home became a place of cultured elegance and a center of fashionable pleasure.

Miss Frances St. Clair was a woman of the world, proud of her family-tree, whose roots disappeared in the depths of past centuries, and devoted to the pursuit and cultivation of those graces and manners that are supposed to distinguish people of birth and breeding from the common sort. Indeed, from common men and things she shrank almost with horror. The entrance of "trade" into the social sphere of her life she would regard as an impertinent intrusion. It was as much as she could bear to allow the approach of "commerce," which her brother represented. She supposed, of course, there must be people to carry on the trades and industries of the country—very worthy people, too—but these were people one could not be expected to know. Miss St. Clair thanked heaven that she had had the advantages of an English education and up-bringing, and she lamented the stubborn democratic opinions of her brother, who insisted that Harry should attend the public school. She was not surprised, therefore, though greatly grieved, that Harry chose his friends in school with a fine disregard of "their people." It was with surprise amounting to pain that she found herself one day introduced by her nephew to Billie Barclay, who turned out to be the son of Harry's favorite confectioner. To his aunt's remonstrance it seemed to Harry a sufficient reply that Billie was a "brick" and a shining "quarter" on the school Rugby team.

"But, Harry, think of his people," urged his aunt.

"Oh, rot!" replied her irreverent nephew; "I don't play with his people."

"Yes, but Harry, you don't expect to make him your friend?"

"But he *is* my friend, and I don't care what his people are. Besides, I think his Governor is a fine old boy, and I know he gives us jolly good taffy."

"But, Harry," answered his aunt in despair, "you are positively dreadful. Why can't you make friends in your own set? There is Hubert Evans and the Langford boys."

"Evans!" snorted Harry with contempt; "beastly snob, and the Langfords are regular Mollies;" whereupon Miss St. Clair gave up her nephew as impossible. But Billie did not repeat his visit to his friend Harry's home. Miss Frances St. Clair had a way of looking through her *pince-nez* that even a boy could understand and would seek to avoid.

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With Maimie, Miss St. Clair achieved better results. She was a gentle girl, with an affectionate, yielding disposition, tending towards indolence and self-indulgence. Her aunt's chief concern about her was that she should be frocked and mannered as became her position. Her education was committed to a very select young ladies' school, where only the daughters of the first families ever entered. What or how they were taught, her aunt never inquired. She felt quite sure that the lady principal would resent, as indeed she ought, any such inquiry. Hence Maimie came to have a smattering of the English poets, could talk in conversation-book French, and could dash off most of the notes of a few waltzes and marches from the best composers, her *pièce de résistance*, however, being "*La Prière d'une Vierge*." She carried with her from school a portfolio of crayons of apparently very ancient and very battered castles, and water-colors of landscapes where the water was quite as solid as the land. True, she was quite unable to keep her own small accounts, and when her father chanced to ask her one day to do for him a simple addition, he was amazed to find that only after the third attempt did she get it right; but, in the eyes of her aunt, these were quite unimportant deficiencies, and for young ladies she was not sure but that the keeping of accounts and the adding of figures were almost vulgar accomplishments. Her father thought otherwise, but he was a busy man, and besides, he shrank from entering into a region strange to him, but where his sister moved with assured tread. He contented himself with gratifying his daughter's fancies and indulging her in every way allowed him by her system of training and education. The main marvel in the result was that the girl did not grow more selfish, superficial, and ignorant than she did. Something in her blood helped her, but more, it was her aunt's touch upon her life. For every week a letter came from the country Manse, bringing with it some of the sweet simplicity of the country and something like a breath of heaven.

She was nearing her fifteenth birthday, and though almost every letter brought an invitation to visit the Manse in the backwoods, it was only when the girl's pale cheek and languid air awakened her father's anxiety that she was allowed to accept the invitation to spend some weeks in the country.

When Ranald and Hughie drove up to the Manse on Saturday evening in the jumper the whole household rushed forth to see them. They were worth seeing. Burned black with the sun and the March winds, they would have easily passed for young Indians. Hughie's clothes were a melancholy and fluttering ruin; and while Ranald's stout homespun smock and trousers had successfully defied the bush, his dark face and unkempt hair, his rough dress and heavy shanty boots, made him appear to Maimie's eyes an uncouth, if not pitiable, object.

"Oh, mother!" cried Hughie, throwing himself upon her, "I'm home again and we've had a splendid time, and we made heaps of sugar, and I've brought you a whole lot." He drew out of his pockets three or four cakes of maple sugar. "There is one for each," he said, handing them to his mother.

"Here, Hughie," she replied, "speak to your cousin Maimie."

Hughie went up shyly to his cousin and offered a grimy hand. Maimie, looking at the ragged little figure, could hardly hide her disgust as she took the dirty, sticky little hand very gingerly in her fingers. But Hughie was determined to do his duty to the full, even though Ranald was present, and, shaking his cousin's hand with great heartiness, he held up his face to be kissed. He was much surprised, and not a little relieved, when Maimie refused to notice his offer and turned to look at Ranald.

She found him scanning her with a straight, searching look, as if seeking to discover of what sort she was. She felt he had noticed her shrinking from Hughie, and was annoyed to find herself blushing under his keen gaze. But when Mrs. Murray presented Ranald to her niece, it was his turn to blush and feel awkward, as he came forward with a triangular sort of movement and offered his hand, saying, with an access of his Highland accent, "It is a fine day, ma'am." It required all Maimie's good manners to keep back the laugh that fluttered upon her lips.

Slight as it was, Ranald noticed the

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smile, and, turning from her abruptly to Mrs. Murray, said:

"We were thinking that Friday would be a good day for the sugaring-off, if that will do you."

"Quite well, Ranald," said the minister's wife, "and it is very good of you to have us."

She, too, had noted Maimie's smile, and, seeing the dark flush on Ranald's cheek, she knew well what it meant.

"Come and sit down a little, Ranald," she said kindly; "I have got some books here for you and Don to read."

But Ranald would not sit, nor would he wait a moment. "Thank you, ma'am," he said, "but I will need to be going."

"Wait, Ranald, a moment," cried Mrs. Murray. She ran into the next room, and in a few moments returned with two or three books and some magazines. "These," she said, handing him the books, "are some of Walter Scott's. They will be good for week-days, and these," giving him the magazines, "you can read after church on Sabbath."

The boy's eyes lighted up as he thanked Mrs. Murray, and he shook hands with her very warmly. Then, with a bow to the company and without looking at Maimie again, he left the room, with Hughie following at his heels. In a short time Hughie came back full of enthusiastic praise of his hero.

"Oh, mother!" he cried, "he is awful smart. He can just do anything. He can make a splendid bed of balsam brush, and porridge, and pancakes, and—and—and—everything."

"A bed of balsam brush and porridge! What a wonderful boy he must be, Hughie," said Maimie, teasing him. "But isn't he just a little queer?"

"He's not a bit queer," said Hughie stoutly. "He is the best, best, best boy in all the world."

"Indeed! how extraordinary!" said Maimie; you wouldn't think so to look at him."

"I think he is just splendid," said Hughie; "don't you, mother?"

"Indeed, he is fery brown whatever," mocked Maimie, mimicking Ranald's Highland tongue, a trick at which she was very clever, "and—not just fery clean."

"You're just a mean, mean, red-headed snip!" cried Hughie in a rage, "and I don't like you one bit."

But Maimie was proud of her golden hair, so Hughie's shot fell harmless.

"And when will you be going to the sugaring-off, Mistress Murray?" went on Maimie, mimicking Ranald so cleverly that in spite of herself Mrs. Murray smiled.

It was his mother's smile that perfected Hughie's fury. Without a word of threat or warning, he seized a dipper of water and threw it over Maimie, soaking her pretty ribbons and collar, and was promptly sent up-stairs to repent.

"Poor Hughie!" said his mother, after he had disappeared; "Ranald is his hero, and he cannot bear any criticism of him."

"He doesn't look much of a hero, auntie," said Maimie, drying her face and curls.

"Very few heroes do," said her aunt quietly. Ranald has noble qualities, but he has had very few advantages."

Then Mrs. Murray told her niece how Ranald had put himself between her and the pursuing wolves. Maimie's blue eyes were wide with horror.

"But, auntie," she cried, "why in the world do you go to such places?"

"What places, Maimie?" said the minister, who had come into the room.

"Why, those awful places where the wolves are."

"Indeed, you may ask why," said the minister gravely. He had heard the story from his wife the night before. "But it would need a man to be on guard day and night to keep your aunt from 'those places.'"

"Yes, and your uncle, too," said Mrs. Murray, shaking her head at her husband. "You see, Maimie, we live in 'those places,' and, after all, they are as safe as any. We are in good keeping."

"And was Hughie out all night with those two boys in those woods, auntie?"

"Oh, there was no danger. The wolves will not come near a fire, and the boys have their dogs and guns," said Mrs. Murray; "besides, Ranald is to be trusted."

"Trusted?" said the minister; "indeed I would not trust him too far. He is just wild enough, like his father before him."

"Oh, papa, you don't know Ranald," said his wife warmly, "nor his father either for that matter. I never did till this last week. They have kept aloof from everything, and really—"

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"And whose fault is that?" interrupted the minister. "Why should they keep aloof from the means of grace? They are a godless lot, that's what they are." The minister's indignation was rising.

"But, my dear," persisted Mrs. Murray, "I believe if they had a chance—"

"Chance!" exclaimed the minister; "what more chance do they want? Have they not all that other people have? Macdonald Dhu is rarely seen at the services on the Lord's day, and as for Ranald, he comes and goes at his own sweet will."

"Let us hope," said his wife gently, "they will improve. "I believe Ranald would come to Bible class were he not so shy."

"Shy!" laughed the minister scornfully; "he is not too shy to stand up on the table before a hundred men after a logging and dance the Highland fling, and beautifully he does it, too," he added.

"But for all that," said his wife, "he is very shy."

"I don't like shy people," said Maimie; "they are so awkward and dreadful to do with."

"Well," said her aunt quietly, "I rather like people who are not too sure of themselves, and I think all the more of Ranald for his shyness and modesty."

"Oh, Ranald's modesty won't disable him," said the minister. "For my part, I think he is a daring young rascal, and, indeed, if there is any mischief going in the country-side you may be sure Ranald is not far away."

"Oh, papa, I don't think Ranald is a *bad* boy," said his wife, almost pleadingly.

"Bad? I'm sure I don't know what you call it. Who let off the dam last year so that the saw-mill could not run for a week? Who abused poor Duncie MacBain so that he was carried home groaning?"

"Duncie MacBain!" exclaimed his wife contemptuously;" great, big, soft lump, that he is. Why, he's a man as big as ever he'll be."

"Who broke the Little Church windows till there wasn't a pane left?" pursued the minister, unheeding his wife's interruption.

"It wasn't Ranald that broke the church windows, papa," piped Hughie from above.

"How do you know, sir? Who did it, then?" demanded his father.

"It wasn't Ranald, anyway," said Hughie stoutly.

"Who was it, then? Tell me that," said his father again.

"Hughie, go to your room and stay there, as I told you," said his mother, fearing an investigation into the window-breaking episode, of which Hughie had made full confession to her as his own particular achievement, in revenge for a broken window in the new church.

"I think," continued Mr. Murray, as if closing the discussion, "you'll find that your Ranald is not the modest, shy, gentle young man you think him to be, but a particularly bold young rascal."

"Poor Ranald," sighed his wife, "he has no mother, and his father has just let him grow up wild."

"Aye, that's true enough," assented her husband, passing into his study. But he could have adopted no better means of awakening Maimie's interest in Ranald than by the recital of his various escapades. Women love good men, but are interested in men whose goodness is more or less impaired. So Maimie was determined that she would know more of Ranald, and hence took every opportunity of encouraging Hughie to sing the praises of his hero and recount his many adventures. She was glad, too, that her aunt had fixed the sugaring-off for a time when she could be present. But neither at church on Sunday nor during the week that followed did she catch sight of his face, and though Hughie came in with excited reports now and then of having seen or heard of Ranald, Maimie had to content herself with these, and indeed, were it not that the invitation had already been given and the day fixed for her visit to the camp, the chances are that Maimie's acquaintance with Ranald would have ended where it began, in which case both had been saved many bitter days.

Chapter VIII.—The Sugaring-off

The sugar time is, in many ways, the best of all the year. It is the time of crisp mornings, when "the crust bears," and the boys go crunching over all the fields and through the woods; the time, too, of sunny noons and chilly nights. Winter is still

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near, but he has lost most of his grip, and all his terror. For the earth has heard the call of spring from afar, and knows that soon she will be seen, dancing her shy dances, in the sunny spaces of the leafless woods. Then, by and by, from all the open fields the snow is driven back into the fence corners and lies there in soiled and sullen heaps. In the woods it still lies deep; but there is everywhere the tinkle of running water, and it is not long till the brown leaf carpet begins to show in patches through the white. Then, overhead, the buds begin to swell and thrill with the new life, and, when it is broad noon, all through the woods a thousand voices pass the glad word that winter's day is gone and that all living things are free. But when night draws up over the tree-tops and the shadows steal down the forest aisles, the jubilant voices die down and a chill fear creeps over all the gleeful, swelling buds that they have been too sure and too happy; and all the more if, from the northeast, there sweeps down, as often happens, a stinging storm of sleet and snow, winter's last savage slap. But what matters that? The very next day, when the bright, warm rays trickle down through the interlacing branches, bathing the buds and twigs and limbs and trunks and flooding all the woods, the world grows surer of its new joy. And so, in alternating hope and fear, the days and nights go by, till an evening falls when the air is languid and a soft rain comes up from the south, falling all night long over the buds and trees like warm, loving fingers. Then the buds break for very joy, and timid green things push up through the leaf-mold; and from the swamps the little frogs begin to pipe, at first in solo, but soon in exultant chorus, till the whole moist night is vocal, and then every one knows that the sugar time is over, and troughs and spiles are gathered up, and, with sap-barrels and kettles, are stored in the back shed for another year.

But no rain came before the night fixed for the sugaring-off. It was a perfect sugar day, warm, bright, and still, following a night of sharp frost. The long sunny afternoon was deepening into twilight when the Camerons drove up to the sugar-camp in their big sleigh, bringing with them the Manse party. Ranald and Don, with Aunt Kirsty, were there to receive them. It was one of those rare evenings of the early Canadian spring. The bare woods were filled with the tangled rays of light from the setting sun. Here and there a hillside facing the east lay in shadow that grew black where the balsams and cedars stood in clumps. But everywhere else the light fell sweet and silent about the bare trunks, filling the long avenues under the arching maple limbs with a yellow haze.

In front of the shanty the kettles hung over the fire on a long pole which stood in an upright crutch at either end. Under the big kettle the fire was roaring high, for the fresh sap needed much boiling before the syrup and taffy could come. But under the little kettle the fire burned low, for that must not be hurried.

Over the fire and the kettles Ranald presided, black, grimy, and silent, and to Don fell the duty of doing the honors of the camp, and right worthily did he do his part. He greeted his mother with reverence, cuffed his young brother, kissed his little sister Jennie, tossing her high, and welcomed with warm heartiness Mrs. Murray and her niece. The Airds had not yet come, but all the rest were there. The Finlaysons and the McKerachers, Dan Campbell's boys and their sister Betsy, whom every one called "Betsy Dan," red-headed, freckled, and irrepressible; the McGregors, and a dozen or more of the wildest youngsters that could be found in all the Indian Lands. Depositing their baskets in the shanty, for they had no thought of fasting, they crowded about the fire.

"Attention!" cried Don, who had a "gift of the gab," as his mother said. "Ladies and gentlemen, the programme for this evening is as follows: games, tea, and taffy, in the order mentioned. In the first, all *must* take part; in the second, all *may* take part; but in the third, none *need* take part."

After the laughter and the chorus of "Oh's" had subsided, Don proceeded:

"The captains for the evening are, Elizabeth Campbell, better known as 'Betsy Dan,' and John Finlayson, familiar to us all as 'Johnnie the Widow,' two young people of excellent character, and, I believe, slightly known to each other."

Again a shout went up from the com-

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pany, but Betsy Dan, who cared not at all for Don's banter, contented herself with pushing out her lower lip at him with scorn, in that indescribable manner natural to girls, but to boys impossible.

Then the choosing began. Betsy Dan, claiming first choice by virtue of her sex, immediately called out, "Ranald Macdonald."

But Ranald shook his head. "I cannot leave the fire," he said, blushing; "take Don there."

But Betsy demurred. "I don't want Don," she cried. "Come on, Ranald; the fire will do quite well." Betsy, as indeed did most of the school-girls, adored Ranald in her secret heart, though she scorned to show it.

But Ranald still refused, till Don said, "It is too bad, Betsy, but you'll have to take me."

"Oh, come on, then!" laughed Betsy; "you will be better than nobody."

Then it was Johnnie the Widow's choice: "Maimie St. Clair."

Maimie hesitated and looked at her aunt, who said, "Yes, go, my dear, if you would like."

"Marget Aird!" cried Betsy, spying Marget and her brothers coming down the road. "Come along, Marget; you are on my side—on Don's side, I mean." At which poor Marget, a tall, fair girl, with sweet face and shy manner, blushed furiously, but, after greeting the minister's wife and the rest of the older people, she took her place beside Don.

The choosing went on till every one present was taken, not even Aunt Kirsty being allowed to remain neutral in the coming games. For an hour the sports went on. Racing, jumping, "bear," "London bridge," "crack the whip," and, lastly, "forfeits."

Meantime Ranald superintended the sap-boiling, keeping on the opposite side of the fire from the ladies, and answering in monosyllables any questions addressed to him. But when it was time to make the tea, Mrs. Cameron and Kirsty insisted on taking charge of this, and Mrs. Murray, coming round to Ranald, said:

"Now, Ranald, I came to learn all about sugar-making, and while the others are making tea I want you to teach me how to make sugar."

Ranald gladly agreed to show her all he knew. He had been feeling awkward and miserable in the noisy crowd, but especially in the presence of Maimie. He had not forgotten the smile of amusement with which she had greeted him at the Manse, and his wounded pride longed for an opportunity to pour upon her the vials of his contempt. But somehow, in her presence, contempt would not arise within him, and he was driven into wretched silence and self-abasement. It was, therefore, with peculiar gratitude that he turned to Mrs. Murray as to one who both understood and trusted him.

"I thank you for the books, Mrs. Murray," he began in a low, hurried voice. "They are just wonderful. That 'Rob Roy' and 'Ivanhoe,' oh! they are the grand books." His face was fairly blazing with enthusiasm. "I never knew there were such books at all."

"I am very glad you like them, Ranald," said Mrs. Murray in tones of warm sympathy, "and I shall give you as many as you like."

"I cannot thank you enough. I have not the words," said the boy, looking as if he might fall down at her feet. Mrs. Murray was greatly touched both by his enthusiasm and his gratitude.

"It is a great pleasure to me, Ranald, that you like them," she said earnestly. "I want you to love good books and good men and noble deeds."

Ranald stood listening in silence.

"Then some day you will be a good and great man yourself," she added, "and you will do some noble work."

The boy stood looking far away into the woods, his black eyes filled with a mysterious fire. Suddenly he threw back his head and said, as if he had forgotten Mrs. Murray's presence, "Yes, some day I will be a great man. I know it well."

"And good," softly added Mrs. Murray.

He turned and looked at her a moment as if in a dream. Then, recalling himself, he answered, "I suppose that is the best."

"Yes, it is the best, Ranald," she replied. "No man is great who is not good. But come now and give me my lesson."

Ranald stepped out into the bush, and from a tree near by he lifted a trough of sap and emptied it into the big kettle.

"That's the first thing you do with the sap," he said.

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"How? Carry every trough to the kettle?"

"Oh, I see," laughed Ranald. "You must have every step."

"Yes, indeed," she replied with determination.

"Well, here it is."

He seized a bucket, went to another tree, emptied the sap from the trough into the bucket, and thence into the barrel, and from the barrel into the big kettle.

"Then from the big kettle into the little one," he said, catching up a big dipper tied to a long pole, and transferring the boiling sap as he spoke from one kettle to another.

"But how can you tell when it is ready?" asked Mrs. Murray.

"Only by tasting. When it is very sweet it must go into the little kettle."

"And then?"

Her eager determination to know all the details delighted him beyond measure.

"Then you must be very careful indeed, or you will lose all your day's work, and your sugar besides, for it is very easy to burn."

"But how can you tell when it is ready?"

"Oh, you must just keep tasting every few minutes till you think you have the syrup, and then for the sugar you must just boil it a little longer."

"Well," said Mrs. Murray, "when it is ready what do you do?"

"Then," he said, "you must quickly knock the fire from under it, and pour it into the pans, stirring it till it gets nearly cool."

"And why do you stir it?" she asked,

"Oh, to keep it from getting too hard."

"Now I have learned something I never knew before," said the minister's wife, delightedly, "and I am very grateful to you. We must help each other, Ranald."

"Indeed, it is little I can do for you," he said shyly.

"You do not know how much I am going to ask you to do," she said lightly. "Wait and see."

At that moment a series of shrieks rose high above the shouting and laughter of the games, and Maimie came flying down toward the camp, pursued by Don, with the others following.

"Oh, auntie!" she panted, "he's going to—going to—" she paused, with cheeks burning.

"It's 'forfeits,' Mrs. Murray," explained Don.

"Hoot, lassie," said Mrs. Cameron; "it will not much hurt you, any way. They that kiss in the light will not kiss in the dark."

"She played, and lost her forfeit," said Don, unwilling to be jeered at by the others for faint-heartedness. "She ought to pay."

"I'm afraid, Don, she does not understand our ways," said Mrs. Murray apologetically.

"Be off, Don," said his mother. "Kiss Marget there, if you can—it will not hurt her—and leave the young lady alone."

"It's just horrid of them, auntie," said Maimie indignantly, as the others went back to their games.

"Indeed," said Mrs. Cameron warmly, "if you will never do worse than kiss a laddie in a game, it's little harm will be coming to you."

But Maimie ignored her.

"Is it not horrid, auntie?" she said.

"Well, my dear, if you think so, it is. But not for these girls, who play the game with never a thought of impropriety and with no shock to their modesty. Much depends on how you think about these things."

But Maimie was not satisfied. She was indignant at Don for offering to kiss her, but as she stood and watched the games going on under the trees—the tag, the chase, the catch, and the kiss—she somehow began to feel as if it were not so terrible after all, and to think that perhaps these girls might play the game and still be nice enough. But she had no thought of going back to them, and so she turned her attention to the preparations for tea, now almost complete. Her aunt and Ranald were toasting slices of bread at the big blazing fire, on forks made out of long switches.

"Let me try, auntie," she said, pushing up to the fire between her aunt and Ranald. "I am sure I can do that."

"Be careful of that fire," said Ranald sharply, pulling back her skirt, that had blown dangerously near the blaze. "Stand back further," he commanded.

Maimie looked at him, surprise, indignation, and fear struggling for the mastery. Was this the awkward boy that had blushed and stammered before her a week ago?

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"It's very dangerous," he explained to Mrs. Murray; "the wind blows out the flames."

As he spoke he handed Maimie his toasting stick and retired to the other side of the fire, and began to attend to the boiling sap.

"He needn't be such a bear," pouted Maimie.

"My dear," replied her aunt, "what Ranald says is quite true. You cannot be too careful in moving about the fire."

"Well, he needn't be so cross about it," said Maimie. She had never been ordered about before in her life, and she did not enjoy the experience, and all the more at the hands of an uncouth country boy. She watched Ranald attending to the fire and the kettles, however, with a new respect. He certainly had no fear of the fire, but moved about it and handled it with the utmost *sang froid*. He had a certain grace, too, in his movements that caught her eye, and she wished he would come nearer so that she could speak to him. She had considerable confidence in her powers of attraction. As if to answer her wish, Ranald came straight to where her aunt and she were standing.

"I think it will be time for tea now," he said, with a sudden return of his awkward manner, that made Maimie wonder why she had ever been afraid of him. "I will tell Don," he added, striding off toward the group of boys and girls, still busy with their games under the trees. Soon Don's shout was heard:

"Tea, ladies and gentlemen; take your seats at the tables." And speedily there was a rush and scramble, and in a few moments the great heaps of green balsam boughs arranged around the fire were full of boys and girls pulling, pinching, and tumbling over one another in wild glee.

The toast stood in brown heaps on birch-bark plates beside the fire, the baskets were carried out of the shanty bulging with cakes, the tea was bubbling in the big tin tea-pail, and everything was ready for the feast. But Ranald had caught Mrs. Murray's eye, and, at a sign from her, stood waiting with the tea-pail in his hand.

"Come on with the tea, Ranald," cried Don, seizing a plate of toast.

"Wait a minute, Don," said Ranald in a low tone.

"What's the matter?"

But Ranald stood still, looking silently at the minister's wife. Then, as all eyes turned towards her, she said in a gentle, sweet voice, "I think we ought to give thanks to our Father in Heaven for all this beauty about us and for all our joy."

At once Ranald took off his hat, and as the boys followed his example Mrs. Murray bowed her head and in a few, simple words lifted up the hearts of all with her own in thanksgiving for the beauty of the woods and sky above them and all the many gifts that came to fill their lives with joy.

It was not the first time that Ranald had heard her voice in prayer, but somehow it sounded different in the open air under the trees and in the midst of all the jollity of the sugaring-off. With all other people that Ranald knew religion seemed to be something apart from common days, common people, and common things, and seemed, besides, a solemn and terrible experience; but with the minister's wife religion was a part of her every-day living, and seemed to be as easily associated with her pleasure as with anything else about her. It was so easy, so simple, so natural, that Ranald could not help wondering if, after all, it was the right kind. It was so unlike the religion of the elders and all the good people in the congregation. It was a great puzzle to Ranald, as to many others, both before and since his time.

After tea was over the great business of the evening came on. Ranald announced that the taffy was ready, and Don, as master of ceremonies, immediately cried out:

"The gentlemen will provide the ladies with plates."

"Plates!" echoed the boys, with a laugh of derision.

"Plates," repeated Don, stepping back to a great snowbank, near a balsam clump, and returning with a piece of "crust." At once there was a scurry to the snowbank, and soon every one had a "snow plate" ready. Then Ranald and Don slid the little kettle along the pole off the fire, and with tin dippers began to pour the hot syrup upon the "snow plates," where it immediately hardened into taffy. Then the pulling began. What fun there was, what larks, what shrieks, what romping and tumbling, till all were heartily tired, both of the taffy and the fun.

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Then followed the sugar-molding. The little kettle was set back on the fire and kept carefully stirred, while tin dishes of all sorts, shapes, and sizes—milk-pans, pattie-pans, mugs, and cups—well greased with pork rind, were set out in order, imbedded in snow.

The last act of all was the making of "hens' nests." A dozen or so of hens' eggs, blown empty, and three goose eggs for the grown-ups, were set in snow nests, and carefully filled from the little kettle. In a few minutes the nests were filled with sugar eggs, and the sugaring-off was over.

There remained still a goose egg provided against any mishap.

"Who wants the goose egg?" cried Don, holding it up.

"Me, me, me!" coaxed the girls on every side.

"Will you give it to me, Don, for the minister?" said Mrs. Murray.

"Oh, yes!" cried Maimie, "and let me fill it."

As she spoke, she seized the dipper, and ran for the kettle.

"Look out for that fire," cried Don, dropping the egg into its snow-bed. He was too late. A little tongue of flame leaped out from under the kettle, nipped hold of her frock, and in a moment she was in a blaze. With a wild scream she sprang back and turned to fly, but before she had gone more than a single step Ranald, dashing the crowd right and left, had seized and flung her headlong into the snow, beating out the flames with his bare hands. In a moment all danger was over, and Ranald lifted her up. Still screaming, she clung to him, while the women all ran to her. Her aunt reached her first.

"Hush, Maimie; hush, dear. You are quite safe now. Let me see your face. There now, be quiet, child. The danger is all over."

Still Maimie kept screaming. She was thoroughly terrified.

"Listen to me," her aunt said, in an even, firm voice. "Do not be foolish. Let me look at you."

The quiet, firm voice soothed her, and Maimie's screams ceased. Her aunt examined her face, neck, and arms for any signs of fire, but could find none. She was hardly touched, so swift had been her rescue. Then Mrs. Murray, suddenly putting her arms round about her niece, and holding her tight, cried:

"Thank God, my darling, for his great kindness to you and to us all. Thank God! thank God!"

Her voice broke, but in a moment recovering herself, she went on, "And Ranald, too! noble fellow!"

Ranald was standing at the back of the crowd, looking pale, disturbed, and awkward. Mrs. Murray, knowing how hateful to him would be any demonstrations of feeling, went to him, and quietly held out her hand, saying:

"It was bravely done, Ranald. From my heart, I thank you."

For a moment or two she looked steadfastly into his face with the tears streaming down her cheeks. Then putting her hands upon his shoulders, she said softly:

"For her dear dead mother's sake, I thank you."

Then Maimie, who had been standing in a kind of stupor all this while, seemed suddenly to awake, and running toward Ranald she put out both hands, crying:

"Oh, Ranald, I can never thank you enough."

He took her hands in an agony of embarrassment, not knowing what to do or say. Then Maimie suddenly dropped his hands, and, throwing her arms about his neck, kissed him, and ran back to her aunt's side.

"I thought you didn't play forfeits, Maimie," said Don in a grieved voice. And every one was glad to laugh.

Then the minister's wife, looking round upon them all, said:

"Dear children, God has been very good to us, and I think we ought to give him thanks."

And standing there by the fire, they bowed their heads in a new thanksgiving to Him whose keeping never fails by day or night. And then with hearts and voices subdued and with quiet "good-nights," they went their ways home.

But as the Cameron sleigh drove off with its load, Maimie looked back, and seeing Ranald standing by the fire she whispered to her aunt:

"Oh, auntie! Isn't he just splendid?"

But her aunt made no reply, seeing a new danger for them both, greater than that they had escaped.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

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The Rights of Man

A Study in Twentieth Century Problems

By Lyman Abbott

Chapter XV.—The Goal of Democracy

I HAVE assumed in these papers that the Hebraic Commonwealth was a democracy; I assume in this paper that Jesus Christ built upon the Hebrew theocracy as a foundation; that he came, not merely to save individuals from a lost world, but to save the world itself by founding here a new social order; and that in the principles of that order, as inculcated by him, the goal of democracy is to be sought for. The limitations of space do not allow me to argue these propositions: I therefore assume them. What were these principles which he inculcated? Most of Christ's instruction was conversational, colloquial, the talking of a single man to groups of men. But he did, in the course of his life, preach three or four great sermons, and these three or four great sermons we have a right to look to as containing, in themselves, the suggestions at least of his general teaching.

The first of these sermons was one which he preached in Nazareth shortly after his baptism. The account of it is given in the fourth chapter of the Gospel of Luke. He went into the synagogue; the Book of Isaiah was laid before him; he read the words of the prophet: "The spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." And then he said, "This is what I have come to accomplish." This was the first great sermon of Christ; the object of Christ was to produce happiness on the earth. The second sermon—the Sermon on the Mount—began where the first sermon ended. It began with the Beatitudes: "Blessed are the poor in spirit; blessed are the meek; blessed are the merciful; blessed are the pure in heart; blessed are the peacemakers." The cause of blessedness was the theme of the second great sermon. That the secret of happiness is the perfection of character; how that character is to be perfected; how true character differs from that produced by scrupulous obedience to the letter of a law—this formed the theme of the second great sermon. In this Sermon on the Mount, at the close, Jesus indicated that life or character was in some sense a gift from heaven: "Whosoever will, ask and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you." Thus he led on to the third great sermon, which is on the Bread of Life. And in this third great sermon Jesus declared the secret of character to be a divine life; God coming down from heaven to dwell among men and give them life; that God is in his world, that God is of kin to man and man is of like nature with God, so that the two can come together, and one can dwell in the other, and that the life of man depends on his becoming a participator in the life of God—this was the third great discourse of Jesus Christ.

The fourth sermon was addressed primarily to his disciples. In this sermon he set his own principles in clear antagonism to those of Phariseeism, and intimated some general laws of the new social order. They are all comprised in one metaphor: "All ye are brethren," he said; "call no man your father upon the earth, for one is your Father, which is in heaven." And what he meant by "all ye are brethren" he further explained by saying, "He that is greatest among you, let him be the servant of all." Mutual brotherhood means mutual service.

I am far from saying that these four points which I have presented to you cover the whole of Christ's teaching; I will not even affirm that they cover the most important points of Christ's teach-

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ing, though I think they do. But we have a right to take four great discourses like these of a great teacher to ascertain what are the fundamental principles which he has come to inculcate. And we have a special right to do that when they answer the four questions which any man naturally asks of a reformer. Those questions are these: First, What do you propose to do? Secondly, How do you propose to do it? Thirdly, What is the secret of the power by which you propose to do it? Fourthly, What will be the final result when your work is done? These are the four great questions we have a right to ask of any moral reformer. To these questions the discourses of Christ make answer: I propose to make the world a happy world; I propose to do it by changing the character of the men dwelling in the earth; and I trust to the power of God dwelling in the individual man to accomplish this transformation of society; the end will be a family or brotherhood of man. These principles of Christ constitute the goal of democracy.

In the first place, the aim of democracy is the extension and diffusion of happiness; it purposes to make happiness universal.

There are four great material enemies to human happiness: they are war, poverty, pestilence, and famine. Democracy is unalterably opposed to war; the military spirit and the democratic spirit are essentially antagonistic to each other. Wars may be sometimes necessary—I believe that wars are sometimes necessary—but if so they are a necessary evil. The spirit that regards war as an advantage, that desires war for its own sake, that exalts and glorifies militarism, is in direct contradiction to the spirit of democracy. For war can only be carried on successfully under an autocracy. A nation which is armed and equipped for war is of necessity under a commanding general, and a commanding general must be an autocrat. War cannot be carried on by a committee; the experiment has been tried more than once, and always with failure. An army cannot by universal suffrage determine what shall be the movement against the enemy to-morrow morning. An army is necessarily an autocratic organization, and an armed nation—a nation which is an armed camp—is necessarily autocratic in its character. Thus democracy is inherently, vitally, essentially opposed to the spirit of war, and if it accepts war it accepts it only as a dire and unavoidable necessity, to be escaped from as soon as may be with honor. It is for this reason that democracy has found its way to contrivances which lessen the danger of war. It is for this reason that the most democratic country, America, contrived that federation of States and invented that Supreme Court of the United States which has served as an arbitrator between different communities, and has substituted reason for force as the means of settling interstate controversies. It is for this reason that in Europe the uprising of democracy has preceded the creation and development of international law, and preceded the organization of courts of arbitration and that final consummation of the courts of arbitration—the creation of the court of arbitration at The Hague. Democracy is not only opposed to war, but democracy has invented or discovered the methods by which controversies between communities can be adjusted more rationally, more peacefully, and more in accordance with human happiness than by military force.

The second great enemy of human happiness is poverty. Democracy does not believe that poverty is a necessity. The fundamental tenet of democracy is that there is wealth enough in the world to make all men happy. This was certainly the tenet of Jesus Christ: "In my Father's house," he said, through one of the characters whom he portrayed, "is bread enough, and to spare." The world is the Father's house, and there is bread enough in the Father's house for all the Father's children. If any go hungry it is either their own fault or else it is the fault of a vicious social organization. "Come," said Christ, is another parable, "for all things are now ready: go out into the streets and lanes of the city and bring in hither the poor and the maimed and the halt and the blind." And the servant did so and returned with the statement, "Still there is room." He repeats the lesson in more than one parable. We have given to these parables a spiritual interpretation, and doubtless they deserve a spiritual interpretation, but they deserve the other

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interpretation also. On their face they carry with them this great economic truth, that there is in the world ordered by the Father enough for all his children, so that none need go in want save through either their own fault or the fault of a vicious social organization.

Granted these two principles—granted that war can be avoided and pauperism can be avoided—and the other two great evils disappear themselves, for pestilence and famine are the children of war and pauperism. Christ's parables are full of joyousness; dancing, singing, festivity, happiness ripple over the surface of his instructions, and they are phases of happiness not for the few but for the all. Democracy has already made some approximation to this broad diffusion of wealth and happiness. We have not in America as many splendid palaces as in the Old World, but we have many more comfortable homes. We have not in America the great and lordly parks, but, save in our great cities and a few of our factory towns, we have a little plot of ground around the home of each individual tenant.

The second principle for which democracy stands is the development of character. It seeks this universal happiness by the development of the individual. In this respect democracy differs radically from socialism. Socialism, Christianity, democracy, all seek the same end—such a reorganization of society as will make human happiness universal. But socialism begins by seeking to change the organization, Christianity begins by seeking to change the individual. Socialism aims first at changing the social order, and through the social order improving the individual; Christianity (and democracy catching the spirit of Christianity) seeks to improve the individual first, and to change the social order through the improvement of the individual. Thus socialism would make the State the owner of all wealth; democracy would make the State the protector of individual wealth. Socialism would have the State carry on all the industries and would make every individual the servant of the State, doing the State's bidding; democracy would make the State a protector of individual industries and the State the servant of the individual. Socialism puts the organization first, the individual second; democracy puts the individual first, the organization second. Socialism expects to develop the individual, but chiefly through a change in the organization; democracy expects to develop society, but chiefly through the development of the individual. Thus, these two working to the same ends work by diametrically opposed methods. The end of democracy is, first, protection of the rights of the individual, then development of the character of the individual, and then teaching of the individuals how to co-work together to a common end.

It is because democracy lays this stress on individual character that it lays stress on the institutions which develop individual character. It is for this reason that so soon as a State becomes democratic it establishes a school system for the education of the individual. For the same reason it develops individualism in religion. With imperialism goes naturally one Church, one creed, one ritual, one ecclesiastical order; with democracy there goes naturally a variety of Churches, of creeds, of rituals, of ecclesiastical organizations, because democracy insists on the development of the individual, and therefore on the right of the individual to frame his own creed, to worship according to his own ritual, to organize his own Church. The innumerable variety of sects into which the Church in America is divided is no accident; it is the inevitable result of the individualism which it is the object, deliberate or unconscious, of democracy to promote. Democracy believes that it is better to have great men and little Churches than a great Church and little men.

For this reason democracy tests everything by its relation to character—not always consciously, not always wisely, but intuitively and instinctively. It is thus to-day testing the Churches in America. The workingmen are asking, Will the Church help us? Will it make us better men? Will it make us happier men? Will it enlarge and enrich our life? I do not think they find altogether the right answer to their question, but I justify them absolutely in asking it. The function of the Church is not to be an organization by which men can add to the glory of God; it is an organization by which the glory of God can add to the happiness and welfare of men. And if the Church fails

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to add to the happiness and welfare of men, or if it fails to add to the welfare and happiness of those men that most need to have their happiness and welfare developed, then, in so far, the Church is a failure. Whether rightly or wrongly, this is a test which the democracy applies to preacher, to priest, to Church, to religious institutions of every kind. So long as we have a democratic America, so long it is certain we must have Churches that will serve the common people, or the Churches will cease to be supported by the common people. Democracy measures its institutions by their relation to human need. In the same way it measures industry. It tests every industrial organization by the question: Is it making good men and good women? It is democracy which has insisted that the law shall interfere with industrial enterprises which are not making good men and good women. It is democracy which has insisted that child labor shall cease, that woman labor shall be limited, and that hours of labor for all men shall be defined. It is democracy which protests against any system of labor which requires a man to work twelve hours out of the twenty-four, and seven days out of the week. It is democracy which insists on shorter hours of labor and larger wages; not merely for the sake of the larger wages, not merely for the sake of the shorter hours, but for the sake of such leisure as will make development of the workingmen's life possible. This is the meaning of the blind, groping, ignorant, often impracticable, and sometimes revolutionary, demands of labor organizations. This is the spur that drives them on; this the moral force that compels them. It is true that wages are better than wages ever were before; it is true that hours of labor are less than they ever were before. But it is also true that manhood is larger than it ever was before; that it needs more relief from toil and more opportunity for the development of the higher life than it ever did before. Democracy measures industry by its fruits on character. It counts that a poor industrial system which grinds up men and women in order to make cheap goods.

Democracy does not see so clearly the third principle which Christ inculcated, namely, that the secret of all life is God dwelling in man and inspiring him to an ever higher life. And yet I think democracy already begins to see this dimly, if not clearly. And I cannot but think that if it fails to see this principle clearly it is partly because we ministers have ourselves failed to see it clearly, or to present it so that others should clearly see it.

Democracy believes in law; it believes in government for the protection of person, of property, of the family, of reputation. Democracy has organized a strong government; the old fears that the United States would be but a rope of sand are no longer entertained by any students of American history. Democracy is as far removed from anarchism as it is from socialism. But law must be either imposed and enforced by authority from without or imposed and enforced by authority from within. If the law comes from without, and is enforced by a power from without, the individual is, in so far, in subjection to some one other than himself; if the law comes from within, and is enforced by his reason and his conscience, the law thus within the man is a self-enforcing law, and when a man lives under a self-enforcing law he lives in liberty. Law according to the Christian conception, law according to the Old Testament conception, law as more and more democracy is coming to see it, is the law of man's own nature. It is not an edict issued by a king, nor a statute framed by a God; it is the law of man's own organism. The moral law is a part of his organism and a product of it. The laws of nature that bind men together in one great social organism are not made by man; they are made by the Creator of man; they are divine. And yet they are not external to man; they are not brought down to him at Mount Sinai; they are not brought down to him in the Sermon on the Mount. Mount Sinai and the Sermon on the Mount do but interpret them. This is the fundamental postulate of liberty: God appeals to the divine in man and finds in man himself the power to enforce all righteous laws. Thus the foundation of liberty is the recognition—intelligently or unintelligently—of a divinely organized law; not getting its authority from any human will, but from a divine will, and from that will as it is manifested in the structure of the human soul, and finds its expression in the voice of the human reason and the

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human conscience. That God is in man, that man is of kin to God, that law derives its authority from the divine Lawgiver, and not from the human Czar, or from Congress, or from a majority—this is the fundamental postulate of free institutions, this is the basic fact of democracy.

Christ not only declared that he had come to give human happiness to the world, and come to give it by the development of individual character, and come to develop that individual character by bringing men to a consciousness of the divine that was within them, but he taught them that when thus they were developed and came to the consciousness of this divine within them they would be brought together into a great natural organism. And he gave us a type and illustration which we should have perpetually before us, which should give to us our conception of the type of the organism and of the spirit which should animate it: "One is your Father in heaven, and all ye are brethren." The family is the type of social organism. The end of Christianity is a family or brotherhood of man.

The family is the first and oldest of organizations and the parent of all other organizations. Out of the patriarchal family grew the patriarchal church; out of the patriarchal church the patriarchal government. Governments are but collections of families; the church is but a combination of households. As the family is the first, and as the family is the parent, so the family is the type. "Our Father" is more than an acknowledgment of our relation to God, it is an acknowledgment of our relation to one another; and this relation which we bear to one another is the relation of brothers in a family, as the relation which we bear to God is the relation of children to a father.

The first fact to be noticed is that in the family the ground of fellowship is in the parents. These are brethren, not because they think alike, not because they have similar temperaments, not because they are naturally congenial to one another, but because they are children of the same father and mother. Loyalty to the father and mother makes the family one. So loyalty to God makes the human race one; this is the first and fundamental fact. A brotherhood of man. Why a brotherhood of man? I can understand why I am brother to a man who is congenial to me, who thinks as I think and likes what I like; I can understand why I am brother to the man who belongs to the same State or the same nation and has the same political interests that I have; I can understand even why I am brother to the man who is neighbor to me and with whom I come in perpetual contact. But why am I brother to all men? Why am I brother to the man on the other side of the globe? Why am I brother to the man against whom I brush in the street-car, whom I shall never see again? What basis is there for saying that I am brother to all men? Because deeper than consanguinity, deeper than race relationship, deeper than a common language is this sublime fact: that we, all of us, rich and poor, black and white, American and Filipino, are children of God, made in his image, or at least being made in his image. This it is, and only this, that makes us brothers. It is as infidel to deny the brotherhood of man as it is to deny the existence of God, and it is as inconsistent with any large human progress to deny the Fatherhood of God as it is to deny the brotherhood of man. Atheism never can be made to consort with democracy.

The second fact to be noticed is that the laws which govern the family in their inter-relationship to one another are the laws which are to be projected into society and to govern men in their relations with one another. Mark the contrast between the laws which we recognize as laws of the family and those which we generally have assumed to be the laws of the social organism. For example: "Hire labor in the cheapest market and sell it in the highest market;" this is the silver-plated rule of industry; this is the basis on which it is supposed a harmonious social organism can be erected. Now apply it to the family: Seek the wife who will render you the greatest service and ask you for the least money; seek the husband who will pay the biggest pin-money and ask of you the least service! What kind of a family will that give? Take another aphorism of science applied to the social order—"struggle for existence, survival of the fittest." Is this the rule of the family? The baby is laid in

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the mother's arms, the unfittest infant on the face of the globe to survive, for there is no other infant that has not more capacity to take care of himself than the human infant. At once we all begin to study how this unfittest can survive. The boy must take off his noisy shoes when he enters the house, that he may not disturb this unfittest; the husband must be careful not to talk too loud in the adjoining room lest he awake the unfittest; he must get up in the middle of the night and walk with the unfittest, that the unfittest may be comforted and go to sleep. There is no service that we must not render for the little king, who is king because he is dependent, and only as we love him, and care for him, and give ourselves in unrequited service to him, will he survive. If we were to take these two principles of the home and carry them out into our industries, if the problem of the capitalist was, how large wages he could give and still keep his business going, and of the laborer, how much work he could give and still maintain the time necessary for his own highest manhood; if the problem in our life was to help "bear one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ," which is also the law of democracy; if we really believed that he who would be greatest among us should be the servant of all, can any one doubt that the social problem which perplexes us would be solved?

Life is divinely organized for mutual service. The farmer gathers the raw material from the earth; the manufacturer converts it into objects which are useful to human life—the grain into flour, the wool into clothing; the railroad man takes this material, which is of no use where it is, and carries it across the continent to those regions where it is needed, from the overfed West to the underfed cities of the Atlantic border; the middleman takes what is transported and carries it to your house and to mine; the banker regulates the money through which all this system of interchange is carried on; the lawyer determines for us what are the principles of justice by which we are to be governed in our dealings one with another; the doctor cures us when we are sick, or, if we are wise and he is wise also, keeps us from getting sick; the teacher gathers out from all the experience of the past that which shall launch us into life with something of the wisdom acquired by our forefathers; and the preacher gives the life and love of God to men to inspire them in all their labor. Life is organized for service, and the goal of democracy is the realization of that ideal in which every man shall "look not only upon his own things, but also on the things of his brother;" in which every man shall endeavor to help the weaker man through the hard places of life; in which every man shall recognize that his place in life, wherever it may be, is a place for the service of others, not for self-service. Such seem to me to be the fundamental principles of democracy: universal happiness, founded on the development of character, inspired by the indwelling of God, leading to the unification of the human race in one brotherhood, bound together by love, manifesting itself in mutual service.

In bringing this series of articles to a close, I sum up their results in a closing paragraph. The conflict of the centuries is one between the doctrine of pagan imperialism, that life and the world are made for the few, whom the many are to serve, and that of the Hebraic democracy, that life and the world are made for the many, and the great are to be their servants. This doctrine involves in politics, All just government is for the benefit of the governed; in political economy, The common wealth is for the benefit of the common people; in education, A fair opportunity for individual development should be offered to every individual; in religion, It is the right of every soul to learn for itself what it can of the Infinite, and to tell what it thinks it has learned. Of the Hebraic democracy the United States affords the best modern example; in the faithful application of these simple principles it will find the solution of its problems, both domestic and foreign. Its perils are great, but the grounds for hopefulness as to the final issue are greater. That issue, if it be successfully achieved, involves the material welfare of all the people, based on their intellectual and spiritual development; the freedom of the community, based on the recognition of a divine law enforced by reason and conscience; and a brotherhood of humanity, based on mutuality of service.

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The Status of Journalism

By Arthur Lynch

RECENTLY I made one of a party of journalists who, in the course of conversation, discussed the relative merits of French, English, and American newspapers. It was a case of *tot homines, tot sententiæ*, but the opinion that attracted most attention, possibly on account of its epigrammatic form, was that of a grizzled veteran who had equal familiarity with English and French journalism.

"The French papers," said he, "are the least informed and the best written; the English the worst written and the best informed."

"And the American?" demanded a representative of the United States.

"The American journals," responded the sage, "oscillate between the two extremes."

And forthwith he produced from his overcoat pocket one of the greatest of the New York journals, and, amid roars of laughter, read to us the account cabled from Paris of a cab-horse who knew his way about the Ville Lumière so well that it was only necessary to whisper in his ear, "Gare St. Lazare," or "Moulin Rouge," in order that the animal should transport his fare to the required destination and by the shortest route!

The learned cab-horse is only a striking example of the ridiculous matter which finds its way into the greatest and most enterprising journals in the States. Among hundreds of incidents which I could cite I select that of a Paris correspondent of my acquaintance, who, at a moment of considerable political tension, received a cable from his editor in New York: "Interview Delcassé on situation."

He showed me the telegram, and the following conversation ensued:

"Do you think I could get the interview from Delcassé?"

"No."

"Could *you* get an interview from Delcassé?

"No."

"Could any one in Paris get an interview from Delcassé just now?"

"No."

"Very well! I will go home and write the thing myself!"

And he did.

The vast and enterprising paper in question reproduced his prose with enormous and flamboyant head-lines. I may say that my confrère was totally unacquainted with Delcassé, and that he hardly knew the A B C of that very intricate and difficult study, French politics. Of what real interest to the American public, therefore, could his lucubrations have been, and even if, to make an absurd supposition, the "interview" had been authentic, of what possible value could have been the statements of such vague platitudes as an irresponsible reporter jotted down with a half-hour's study of the subject?

I believe I can speak with a certain impartiality of journalism in France, England, and America, for I have been a regular contributor to the press of these three countries, and I have at various times represented their leading papers as special correspondent.

It is customary in English-speaking countries to laugh at the somewhat "picayune" character and the lack of accuracy of the French papers, especially in reference to foreign affairs. There is, of course, much truth in these disparaging criticisms, and the matter is so important that lack of a well-instructed and interested public opinion forms one of the factors which have contributed to the decadence of France. French journalists as a rule know no other language than their own, and few of them have traveled abroad. It is not surprising, therefore, that the "directors" of foreign affairs, even in their principal journals, display a far-reaching incompetence. I have often wondered how newspapers which speak of Sir Balfour, and of the treaty of M. Clayton-Bulwer, find it necessary to deal with these subjects at all. Those who are in the least degree interested in the subject one would suppose would know that Clayton and Bulwer were two men; and why waste copy in a limited space on matters which have no interest?

On one occasion I gave the director of

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foreign affairs of one of the "boulevard" papers a few notes on the American Presidential election. The notes were reproduced fairly exactly, but at the end of the article the director in question added a little of his own, concluding with the statement that the victory of McKinley seemed probable, unless at the last hour some "dark horse" appeared and beat both party candidates! The unfortunate director had learned the words "dark horse" only the previous day, and was burning with anxiety to show his knowledge of American slang.

But there are "buts." The Frenchman has a different conception of the function of a newspaper from that of an Englishman or American. There are several dailies which rank as important in Paris which are bought mainly on account of the articles of their editors. Such are the "Intransigeant" of Henri Rochefort, the "Libre Parole" of Drumont, and the "Autorité" of Paul de Cassagnac. There are few or none which are bought for the sake of the news, as the word would be understood in New York. With regard to news, moreover, it should be remarked that Paris looms so big to the Parisian in the perspective of things that a piece of gossip or an "echo" of Paris—one of the most important of the French papers bears the name "L'Echo de Paris"—is of more importance than vast movements in foreign countries.

On the other hand, there is no city in the world so well supplied with publications having a more or less specialized or what might be called a technical character, not only in regard to science and industry, but also in all political, diplomatic, colonial, sociological, theatrical, artistic, and educational questions.

The newspaper therefore merely skims the surface, becomes the representative of Parisian conversation, and gives mere references to subjects of deeper study. The Parisian system of things therefore indicates, with regard to a certain aspect of the matter, a higher stage of evolution than that of other countries; for the degree of evolution is indicated by the differentiations and specialization of functions.

The American newspapers have often excited my admiration by the energy and ability they display. But the intelligent exposition of current topics, that sense which is conveyed to the reader of getting down to the "bed-rock" of things, if only for the purpose occasionally of misrepresentation—all this applies much more exclusively to American home affairs than to those which deal with other parts of the world, even in cases where American interests are large. In London certainly there are some talented correspondents of American papers, but the majority of these either know only very superficially the politics of the country—and, after all, properly understood, the politics are the business operations of the country—or else they become identified with the aims of a particular party.

In Paris I think that not ten per cent. of American correspondents possess the very first essential qualification, viz., a sufficient knowledge of the French language. It is true that in that respect the example is set in still higher quarters, for there have been American Ambassadors in Paris who were as ignorant of the language of Talleyrand as most French statesmen of the vernacular of Walt Whitman. I remember hearing a distinguished American official in Paris once say: "They generally send Ambassadors here to learn French, and when they have acquired a smattering they are taken away."

The remark illustrates the difficulty—almost invariably underrated—of "possessing" French, as they say here, so as to maintain a conversation in French company without fatigue to the listener. I have known journalists, even among those who have resided a few years in Paris, who speak a kind of language which "scorches" the ears of the Parisians. This is not a trivial matter, for the language is the only "open sesame" to a knowledge of French life.

Consequently most of the correspondents contrive to give to their journals a presentation of French politics, society, and of movements and events generally in France certainly not less absurd than the laughable blunders of French writers who attempt to describe American affairs.

But when a big "boom" in France, such as the Dreyfus affair, occupies the world's attention, it is then that the great American journals vie with each other in presenting to their readers the most outrageous caricatures of the French people;

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for "special" correspondents then take up the work of the stock performers. I have met in Paris a good many distinguished special correspondents, men who have earned reputation in other spheres, but who were as much misplaced in Paris as a boulevardier would be in the wilds of Kamchatka. In default of understanding, therefore, they invented.

No doubt their journals were quite pleased, for I know it is a well-accepted maxim in the most progressive newspaper world that false news is better than no news. Most of the correspondents go so far as to act on the principle that false news is better than true news if the false news have the characteristics of sensationalism, of lurid display, of the "tang" so delectable to the public.

One of the most successful newspaper editors in London once told me that he believed in sending men to cities they knew nothing about, because their impressions were livelier and more interesting. That is also doubtless the reason why a Frenchman's description, say, of a baseball match, makes such enjoyable reading.

I remember one of these lively impressionists, who came from New York to take charge of the local edition of a world-renowned paper, rushing to his office to order an "extraordinary" in New York one Sunday afternoon, on the ground that something like a new French Revolution had commenced. He had seen the President driving to his palace with a terrifying escort of cuirassiers armed with revolvers; and as he had never before seen this imposing piece of pageantry that so delights our Gallic Republicans, he became excited and "splurged" it across the Atlantic. This was "good" journalism, no doubt. But what would we think of a Frenchman cabling to his newspaper —supposing for a moment a French newspaper ever indulged in a cable—that President McKinley had decided to abolish the army because he saw him receive some officers in mufti? The parallel is not overstrained.

The most fertile field for ingenious reporters is undoubtedly a war campaign. I do not speak particularly of the South African war—for it is becoming increasingly evident that long before the war, as during its continuance, a well-organized system of falsification of news was in operation—I speak of war correspondence generally. One of the most famous of all war correspondents was undoubtedly Edward O'Donovan, who perished with the army of Hicks Pasha in the Sudan. O'Donovan was endowed with Celtic exuberance, allied to a perfectly Oriental richness of coloring, and he could pile up graphic details with a facility only possible to one who loved his art. The traditions of mendacity that O'Donovan inaugurated have been well continued; only the tone of romance and poetry and the genial atmosphere have disappeared. Mendacity has become "commercialized." The English newspapers are, I believe, the chief offenders in this respect, especially the newer arrivals in the field, which pique themselves on what they call American methods, and which secretly rejoice in, while ostensibly rejecting, the title of "yellow journals."

I myself have been special correspondent to different English papers in various parts of the world, and I know from experience so acquired that the vaunted accuracy of the English press is not always in evidence. The staid English papers have a more heavy and solemn manner of printing inaccuracies. That is all.

However, my object in writing this article has been, not to arraign any particular journal or journals, but to make a plea for a greater seriousness of conception of the province of journalism in general. We are the historians of a living present, and there is no limit to the importance which such a function might acquire. Occasionally it falls to the journalist's lot to assist in some degree in the march of history itself.

Yet the leaven of a bad old time still clings to the journalist's profession. Properly considered, such a remark as that cited above of the London editor, who sent men as correspondents to cities of which they knew nothing, should be considered as degrading to journalism. Is there any other profession in the world in which so small a premium is placed on great abilities and honest work, and in which there are such facilities for scamped work, shoddy work, "bluff," flash, and meretricious work?

In my remarks I have referred mainly to the demerits of the system, but while I am quite alive to the great progress of

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journalism and to the great merits of its standard exemplars, I am inclined to believe also that I have touched on its faults with too light a hand.

I cannot believe even that the ignorant public prefer garish nonsense to the vivid reality of things. If truth is less attractive than fiction it is mainly due to the lack of real ability and knowledge of the springs of human action and human emotions on the part of the expositor. And, accordingly, it behooves journalists, as a body, to pay greater respect to the more serious bases of their profession, and on all occasions to work together to elevate the status of journalism.

Adolf Harnack as a Theological Teacher[1]

By the Rev. Williams Adams Brown, M.A.,

Professor of Systematic Theology in Union Theological Seminary, New York City.

IN the winter of 1899–1900 a remarkable course of lectures was delivered at the University of Berlin. The theme was the question, old yet ever new, What is Christianity? The audience consisted of some six hundred students drawn from all the departments of the University. The lecturer was Professor Harnack, whose brilliant work in his chosen field had already drawn to his class-room many hearers of a kind not often found in attendance upon theological lectures, especially in Germany.

The lectures were received with such marked favor by those who heard them, that although they had originally been prepared without any thought of publication, their author could not refuse the request to give them wider publicity. A stenographic report taken without his knowledge by one of his students made it possible to preserve to a remarkable degree the warmth and freshness of the original. In reading the printed page one still feels the freedom and intimacy made possible by informal address. In no other of his publications does Professor Harnack come so close to his readers, or so completely uncover the inner springs from which his unexampled influence is fed. No book of our generation has had a warmer welcome in Germany, nor can it be doubted that the recent appearance of an authorized translation will tend still further to increase the reputation which its author already deservedly holds among English and American students. It seems a fitting time, therefore, to inquire what is the secret of his influence, and what the message which he has for the men of our generation.

All students of Harnack are agreed as to his power as a teacher. No one who has ever sat in the old lecture-room in Berlin, waiting for the first appearance of the man of whom he had heard so much, can forget the thrill that went through him as he saw the door open and the slight, nervous figure move rapidly toward the high desk. With the first *Meine Herren*, uttered before he is fairly on the platform, the spell is upon one, and for an hour that seems all too short one wanders in an enchantment through regions that till now had been barren and lifeless. There is a *Heft* upon the Professor's desk, but it is apparently forgotten—would that one could forget one's own as one toils with the notes in the vain effort to catch every word! Looking straight into the eyes of his hearers, one leg crossed over the edge of the desk as he leans forward as though to diminish the distance between him and them, the speaker pours forth a torrent of impetuous speech, in which every sentence is an idea and every idea a picture. At eight o'clock in winter mornings, at seven in summer, the big lecture-room gathers its throng of eager listeners, and holds them throughout the long semester to the end.

What is it which brings such a company together? There is learning, of course—a prodigious learning. That goes without saying. To one who reads the list of Harnack's printed works, and remembers

[1] *Das Wesen des Christenthums.* Sechzehn Vorlesungen vor Studierenden aller Facultäten im Wintersemester 1899-1900 an der Universität Berlin gehalten von Adolf Harnack. Leipzig, J. C. Hinrichs'sche Buchhandlung. *What is Christianity?* Sixteen Lectures delivered in the University of Berlin during the Winter Term 1899-1900, by Adolf Harnack. Translated into English by Thomas Bailey Saunders. Williams & Norgate, London, Edinburgh, and Oxford. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

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that he has but just passed his fiftieth birthday, the record of his literary activity is astonishing. The *Dogmengeschichte* was finished before he was thirty-seven. Of the monumental "History of Early Christian Literature," two large parts have already appeared. To record the special monographs of which he is the author, the books which he has edited, and the scholarly enterprises with which he has been associated, would be to weary the reader without profit. In all his work one feels that mastery of detail which is the mark of the great scholar, and which gives authority to his teaching.

But it is not his learning alone which gives Harnack his power over his students. It is rather what we may call his insight—his keen perception of the living issues which give vitality and worth to even the driest page of human history. He has a fine sense of proportion. He sees the great things great, and the small things small, and it is his constant effort to put them in their true relations. "History," he once said to his students, "is full of ghosts—issues that are dead, but whose shadowy forms are still moved about by those whose interest it is to persuade men that they are still alive. The true historian must learn to distinguish between the living and the dead, and give his strength to the description of the former." He records that he may interpret, and he will be able to fasten the attention of his students to the record just in the measure that he makes them feel that interpretation is worth while. No doubt this attitude has its dangers. The man who is always looking for meanings may easily find them when they are not there. Harnack is not blind to this possibility. When one seeks to determine what is essential in a complex historical phenomenon like Christianity, mistakes cannot be wholly avoided. But that is no reason for refusing to make the attempt. "As mere archæology, all history is dumb."

With insight goes sympathy. Harnack has his heroes. Who that has ever heard can forget his description of Athanasius, of Augustine, of Luther? For Cromwell, too, he has unbounded admiration, and for our own Washington. But it is not only the great men and the heroic characters that engage his interest. No personality is so unattractive that he has not the patience to try to understand him; no page of history so dull that it is not worth his while to try to unravel its secrets. The theme of the *Dogmengeschichte*, it is well known, is the fact that dogma in the narrower ecclesiastical sense of the word has had its day. Yet it is safe to say that there is no book which gives the reader such insight into the real meaning of the process of which the great Christian dogmas are the outcome, or such sympathy with the feelings and the motives of the men who have labored in their definition and defense. How marvelously in his study of Augustine does he enter into the conflicting motives by which this great man was swayed! The Augustine of Harnack is neither the Protestant Augustine with his predestination and original sin, nor the Catholic Augustine of the Donatist controversies. It is the real Augustine, who unites within himself both the Catholic and the Protestant; to whom both Catholic and Protestant appeal with equal right; who, out of the experiences of a life of unusual variety and complexity, has gained sympathy with and understanding for aspects of life which to us seem irreconcilable. Or, to take another illustration, how under his inspiring guidance does the scholastic philosophy lose its deadness and dryness, until we feel again the living issues which all the distinctions of the schools have not been able utterly to efface!

Of more personal characteristics we may mention his engaging frankness. Unlike certain German Professors, Harnack is never ashamed to confess his ignorance. On one occasion, he had been lecturing upon the Johannine problem, and propounding a certain theory which involved the co-operation of two Johns, one the Apostle, the source of the tradition, the other the disciple, the author of the Gospel as we know it. After setting forth in great detail his reasons for adopting this theory, he suddenly stopped, leaned forward, and remarked confidentially, "Gentlemen, perhaps some of you are unwilling to believe that this is the true explanation. I will let you into a secret. I do not more than half believe it myself."

Add to all this the possession of a German style of singular directness, simplicity, and beauty, the ability to speak clearly and readily without notes, and above all a vitality and personal magnetism which

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are irresistible, and you have some conception of the qualities which give Harnack his power as a lecturer.

To measure the influence of a German Professor you must see him not only in his lecture-room, but in his *seminar*, where he meets a selected group of the more advanced students for critical investigation and training in methods of original research. Here Harnack goes a way of his own. Instead of having one of his students read a paper, or, as leader, conduct the discussion, he keeps control of matters in his own hands. Papers are written, of course, and critical work exacted of the men. But the time allotted to this part of the work in class is relatively small. The paper is submitted privately, and presented to the class only in the form of a brief abstract given by the Professor, and accompanied by such words of comment or criticism as he thinks worth while. This done, the rest of the time is occupied by Harnack himself. He teaches by example, as a demonstrator at a clinic, showing his students by actual experiment how a theme should be approached, and each knotty point which it suggests unraveled. It is on such occasions that his originality and insight become most apparent. Rare, indeed, is the subject which does not suggest a dozen others still uninvestigated, and the student, already oppressed at the multitude of books which have been written, finds his amazement growing at the number of important problems which still remain unsolved.

But it is in the social gatherings held under his own roof that one comes closest to the man. Here the formal restraints imposed by lecture or *seminar* are thrown aside, and teacher and students meet in a new relation. A modest refreshment for the outer man prepares the way for the banquet of the spirit. It must be confessed that the conversation is largely a monologue. Harnack is so good a talker that one cannot have too much of him, and an occasional question from one of his listeners alone breaks a flow of speech that seems inexhaustible. It makes no difference what is the subject under discussion; whether it be a newly discovered manuscript, big with possibilities, of which the Professor has received early information, or some practical movement of religious or social reform, or the newest phase of Roman Catholic politics, or the last move made by the Social Democrats; to each he brings the same enthusiasm, and on each he has something fresh to contribute. One wonders that a man of such breadth of sympathy should never have crossed the ocean in order to study for himself, at first hand, the later chapters in the history of Christianity. One wonders—until one remembers the magnitude of the tasks to which he is already committed—and then one understands. That his refusal to be tempted away from Germany is not due to any lack of interest in what goes on in the outside world, no one who has observed the eagerness with which he welcomes information concerning recent developments in the religious life of England and America can doubt.

Thus far we have spoken of Harnack chiefly as a teacher of theological students. It would, however, be a great mistake to think of him as confined to his work as a Professor. His public is a far wider one than that of the university, and no interest in questions of scholarly detail blinds his eyes to the responsibility which every true man feels to the life of his times. In the preface to the recently published translation to his lectures on "What is Christianity?" occurs this significant sentence: "Whether there is as great a need in England as in Germany for a short and plain statement of the Gospel and its history, I do not know. But this I know: the theologians of every country only half discharge their duties if they think it enough to treat of the Gospel in the recondite language of learning and bury it in scholarly folios." Certainly no one can accuse Harnack of this failing. He has the art of expressing the great truths of religion with a simplicity and directness which many a preacher might envy, and many an address upon practical themes attests the generosity with which he is ready to put his services at the disposal of any good cause which commands his interest. Whether it be a practical talk on right living for a Y. M. C. A., or an address on foreign missions, or a paper before some pastors' conference upon a theme of present day interest, he is equally at home. No one can measure the influence of the man who has not read, or better heard, some of these informal addresses, in which

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the fundamental conviction of his life comes to clear expression.

If it be asked what this conviction is the answer can be given in a sentence. It is the abiding significance of Christ as the center of human history, and the Saviour and Master needed for our day. Do you wish to know what is essential Christianity, asks Harnack. The answer is very simple. It is Jesus Christ and his Gospel. Christ is the creator of Christianity, and to understand Christianity means to know Christ. For this insight no lengthy studies are necessary; no profound researches in comparative religion; no deep delving into the mysteries of philosophy, not even a knowledge of contemporary history, however welcome the help which that may bring. The Gospel of Jesus is at once so simple and so original that even without elaborate instructions the plain man may find his way to it. Whoever has an open eye for what is living and a true feeling for what is really great cannot fail to see it, and to distinguish it from its contemporary dress. The Gospel of Jesus? It is "eternal life in the midst of time, in the strength and before the eyes of God." It is "divine sonship spread out over the whole of life, an inner harmony with God's kingdom, and a joyful certainty in the possession of eternal goods and in confidence of protection from evil." It is all this, not merely as theory but as experience, realizing itself first of all in the life of Jesus and afterwards in all those who through him have been brought to know themselves as at once sons of God and servants of their fellow-men. What the world needs to-day is to substitute for the dogmas of a narrow orthodoxy and the negations of a materialistic philosophy wrongfully arrogating to itself the name of science a new insight into the inexhaustible riches and beauty of Jesus Christ.

Harnack's latest work, in the beauty of its diction, the warmth of its feeling, and the intensity of its personal conviction, has been not inaptly compared to the theological classic of a century ago—Schleiermacher's "Discourses on Religion." Surely it is matter for no small thankfulness that in these days of theological indifference and coldness there should be found in the chair of the leading German university a man of the highest scientific standing, able to give utterance, in a manner at once so worthy and so persuasive, to the fundamental conviction of the Christian life.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

Apostles of the Lord: Being Six Lectures on Pastoral Theology, Delivered in the Divinity School, Cambridge, Lent Term, 1901. By W. C. E. Newbolt, M.A. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 215 pages. $1.40.

While written especially for young ministers of the Anglican Church, and from the Anglican point of view regarding the relations between Church and State, this volume of instructions concerning pastoral work and the cultivation of personal character is valuable for any one engaged in the Christian ministry. Based on our Lord's instructions to his Apostles in Matthew x., it is characterized by a felicitous and suggestive use of Scripture, by a spirit both devout and strenuous, and by inclusive attention to the multifarious questions and situations bearing either on official duty or on personal culture and conduct.

Aphorisms and Reflections: Conduct, Culture, and Religion. By J. L. Spalding. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 4½×7 in. 292 pages. 80c.

A certain business firm made a practice of presenting a copy of the canonical Book of Proverbs to every young man entering their employ. Bishop Spalding's "Aphorisms and Reflections" is good for similar use. A good book, too, it is for any one to have on his table convenient for the vacant moment that is enough for an aphorism in a line or a reflection in a paragraph. Certainly it is not a book to read by chapters, but rather by sentences, a few at a time. The collection gives evidence of wide acquaintance with the treasures of thought and experience. The general idea is, that things are to us what we make them to be, and that the best satisfactions come not from circumstances but from self-culture.

Egyptian Ring (The). By Nellie T. Sawyer. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 105 pages. 50c.

Elements of Plane Geometry. By Alan Sanders. Illustrated. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 247 pages. 75c.

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Exercises in Qualitative Chemistry. By John White, Ph.D. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 95 pages.

Fiander's Widow. By M. E. Francis. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 357 pages. $1.50.

A truly delightful bucolic comedy. The theme might almost be called farcical, but the treatment is delicate, quaint, and graceful. Old Isaac, the rustic bachelor who narrowly escapes matrimony from a sense of duty, is a Dorsetshire original who deserves to rank with the best rustics of Hardy, Blackmore, and Philpotts. The story is prettily told and is wholesomely amusing. Mrs. Bloundell is always careful in her literary workmanship; this tale will add to the popular appreciation of her work.

Gardening for Beginners: A Handbook to the Garden. By E. T. Cook. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 6×9¼ in. 494 pages. $3.75.

A large volume fully and handsomely illustrated. The information about the flowers, shrubs, and trees is arranged in alphabetized paragraphs, and there are chapters on the greenhouse, the conservatory, the lawn, vegetable-growing, fruit cultivation, and other topics. The book is of English origin, but its precepts are generally applicable here. The author uses simple language and avoids the error of many such books in tacitly assuming that the beginner is really an expert.

George Eliot's Works. (The Personal Edition.) Vol. VI. Felix Holt, Radical. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 492 pages. $1.50.

Guilford Speller (The). By A. B. Guilford and Aaron Lovell. Ginn & Co., Boston. 5½×7½ in. 170 pages.

Much has been said lately of the defects in English spelling and writing among presumably educated people, and especially college students. The authors of this book believe that this is due to wrong methods. Their own system is based largely on work with the dictionary. The pupil is first taught how to use a dictionary, then made to consult it constantly. The system has been tried with good results, it is said. Exercises in pronouncing and definition and in synonyms are included. Teachers will find many sound suggestions here.

Johnston of Warriston. By William Morison. (Famous Scots Series.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 4½×7½ in. 159 pages. 75c.

Carlyle in his "Cromwell" pronounced the subject of this sketch "a notable character of whom our Scotch friends might do well to give us farther elucidation." This is what Mr. Morison has here done. Warriston and his family suffered heavily in the struggles of Scotland with royal tyranny in the seventeenth century, in which he bore a leading part, though not before the public eye as much as some. He with Alexander Henderson framed the National Covenant, and deserves commemoration among the heroes of Presbyterianism, to which he was passionately attached.

Kidnapped Millionaires (The): A Tale of Wall Street and the Tropics. By Frederick U. Adams. The Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 504 pages. $1.50.

As a story proper this spirited piece of writing lacks the varied play of human character and falls short of the roundness of construction necessary for a work of art. A few women flittingly appear, but only to serve as ornamental foil to male action. The group of kidnapped Wall Street magnates wear very thin disguise, even as to name, and are recognizable at a glance. The same may be said of the newspaper, whose policy consists in "doing things." The book has the sort of imaginative dash that lends a color of life to situations practically impossible.

La Neuvaine de Colette. By Jeanne Schultz. Edited by Florence I. C. Lye. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7 in. 148 pages. 45c.

Like the Lilies. By Lucy Tracy. The Abbey Press, New York. 4½×7¼ in. 72 pages. 25c.

Magic and Religion. By Andrew Lang. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 6¼×9½ in. 316 pages. $3.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Manager of the B. & A. (The). By Vaughan Kester. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 275 pages. $1.50.

One of the best stories in the series of novels of American life to which it belongs. It is told in a direct, manly style; it sticks closely to the telling of the incidents through which the plot develops, and it is free from cheap sentiment, philandering, and ecstatic emotion. The scene is Michigan; the hero a young railroad general manager, who is trying to put a bankrupt little road on its feet and simultaneously to woo a young woman who has culture where he has only force of character. How he dealt with this problem, with a strike, with a vicious newspaper rival, and with a father who, while a deeply religious man, happens to be a life-convict for murder (really manslaughter partly justified as self-defense), and is pardoned for heroism only again to kill a man under similar circumstances—all this is told crisply and with clear-cut character depiction. The book is the author's first and does him decided credit.

Musical Reformation (A). By John A. Cone. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 95 pages. 50c.

Narragansett Peer (A): A Historical Romance of Southern New England. By George Appleton. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 444 pages. $1.

This story is little more than a confusion of names and incidents, without grasp or fusion into a coherent whole. The intention is ahead of the knowledge of life or of literary form.

New Modes of Thought: Based upon the New Materialism and the New Pantheism. By C. T. Stockwell. The James H. West Co., Boston. 4½×7 in. 150 pages. $1.

In a lucid and popular way Dr. Stockwell here sets forth the views now entertained by some scientific men concerning the origination of matter out of the non-material substance pervading all space, and denominated "ether." To call this doctrine "the new pantheism" is misleading if not absolutely inaccurate, since the term pantheism is inextricably bound up with misleading ideas, denying real personality and moral freedom. The idea of God requires the affirmation of his transcendence as well as of his immanence, both of which are essential to a sound theism. In like manner, the term "materialism" is too

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closely associated with error to be worth retaining. The view which sees matter generated out of the non-material ether can no longer be strictly called materialism, unless coupled with the materialist's characteristic denial of the generating spirit. In a second edition the slip should be corrected which derives pantheism from the name of the Arcadian deity Pan.

New Theory of Evolution (A). By Alfred Ward Smith. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 256 pages.

This volume by a young and rather untrained thinker gives promise of better achievement, if its conditions are fulfilled by severe and thorough study. The "new theory" which Mr. Smith expounds as preferable to the Spencerian is not new to those who are versed in the literature of the subject. His "dynamic" view, as opposed to the hedonistic, is essentially the theory that self-realization, rather than pleasure, is the end of action; and this is a theory not only as old as Aristotle, but frequently reappearing in current literature.

New Version of an Old Story. By Elizabeth Milroy. The Abbey Press, New York. 3½×6¼ in. 30 pages. 25c.

Nineteenth Hole (The): Being Tales of the Fair Green. By Van Tassel Sutphen. Illustrated. (Second Series.) Harper & Bros., New York. 5×8 in. 190 pages. $1.15.

The initial story gives name to this volume, which includes seven other short stories. The tactics and complications of golf-playing furnish the situations for all, and strike the keynote even of love-making among the young golfers—men and women—who form the sole dramatis personæ. The stories are terse, and wear the air of the man-of-the-world *raconteur*. Enthusiastic golfers will be likely to find them highly entertaining; those who know nothing about the game might feel themselves at sea without a compass.

Our Choir. By the Sexton. Assisted by George A. Stockwell. Illustrated. The Abbey Press, New York. 5¼×8 in. 83 pages. 50c.

Presbyterian Foreign Missions. By Robert E. Speer. The Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath-School Work, Philadelphia. 4×7 in. 296 pages. 50c.

This is a record of saints and heroes, and of their works. What one division of the Christian army has done is here recorded as a specimen of what all are doing. With excellent judgment in the use of his materials Mr. Speer has blended his narrative with a large variety both of personal incident and general history, producing thus a thoroughly interesting book, a record of fruitful enterprise in all parts of the world. Of special interest is the work in Mexico, carried on in sympathy with the saying of President Juarez, the Mexican Washington: "Upon the development of Protestantism largely depends the future happiness of our country."

Princess of the Hills (A). By Mrs. Burton Harrison. Illustrated. The Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 306 pages. $1.50.

A new field for this writer is found in an Italian village in the Dolomite region. The "princess" is a peasant in condition, although she has noble blood in her veins. Perhaps we are prejudiced against her by the absurd pseudo-portrait of her which the illustrator serves up as frontispiece, but we fail to find her pen-picture convincing. There is a struggle for the heroine's hand between an American tourist, an Englishman, and an Italian, and there is an unconscious rival in the background in the person of an American girl, who is the best-drawn character in the book. Mrs. Harrison is better in light comedy than in tragedy or deep sentiment, and one enjoys this story in proportion as the former element prevails from time to time over the latter.

Richard Croker. By Alfred Henry Lewis. Illustrated. The Life Publishing Co., New York. 5×8¼ in. 372 pages.

This volume should be entitled "My Philosophy of the Universe," by Alfred Henry Lewis. Richard Croker hardly furnishes the author with his text—to say nothing of his theme. He merely offers an occasional point of departure from which the author may leap to any desired point in time or space. Nine-tenths of the volume might have been written with any other public man as its avowed subject, and nineteen-twentieths of it might have been more closely connected with the life of John Scannell. To the author's credit, he does not idealize Mr. Croker when he chances to mention him, but he does attempt to make the most of him—absurdly giving him the credit for the enormous increase in Mr. Bryan's New York City vote between 1896 and 1900, though Mr. Bryan's vote increased still more in Brooklyn, Jersey City, and nearly all other Eastern cities, with which Mr. Croker had no connection. What the author thinks of Mr. Croker, however, is, even to the author's mind, of relatively little importance. The remarkable thing about the book is the extraordinary number of opinions expressed on pretty much everybody and everything from the fall of Adam to the fall of Manila, and expressed, all of them, in Carlylean exclamations and declamations. The author's conscious model is obviously Carlyle's "French Revolution," and he exaggerates everything that is abnormal in the rhapsodies, reveries, and rantings of that strange volume, but he also betrays an earlier and deeper love for the still more harrowing style of the yellow-back literature of his boyhood days.

Some Questions of Larger Politics. By Edwin Maxey, D.C.L., LL.D. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 134 pages. $1.

Songs from Nature. By Daniel M. Peters. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 65 pages. 50c.

Stoner Family (The). By Samuel Fulton. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 275 pages. $1.

What the Stoner family ever achieved worth chronicling will probably remain a conundrum to the reader who peruses the two hundred and seventy-five pages devoted to them. The book lacks construction, motive, and quality.

Wedding Bells and Other Sketches. By Nat Prune. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 134 pages. 75c.

A series of twenty-one short sketches of trivial happenings, told in dialect. These sketches are of the sort of humor which appeals to the

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very young, with that mental twist that delights in punning.

Whirligig (The). By Mayne Lindsay. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 285 pages. $1.25.

This story sets forth the experiences of an Englishman of conservative habit and neutral-toned existence, who, while traveling on the Continent, is thrown into contact with a German count then under shadow of the law for political and other crimes. How the self-centered Englishman is drawn out of himself, falls in love with a sweet German fräulein, is transformed into a fighter, and passes through almost incredible hairbreadth escapes, makes up the burden of an exciting romance which holds the attention from opening to close. The story is managed with skill and resource.

Works of Charles Dickens. (The Authentic Edition.) Vol. XV. Hard Times and Reprinted Pieces. Vol. XVI. Sketches by Boz. Vol. XVII. American Notes and Pictures from Italy. Vol. XVIII. The Uncommercial Traveller and Other Stories. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 6×8½ in. $1.50 per vol.

Works of Lord Byron. Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge, M.A. Vol. IV. Poetry. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5¼×8½ in. 588 pages. $2.

Notes and Queries

It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address. Any book named in Notes and Queries will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, on receipt of price.

A correspondent calls our attention to the statement by Professor Du Bois, in the New York "Independent" for July 18, more fully, we believe, made in an address at the sixth Annual Conference held in Atlanta, Ga., in which he claims that the negro has contributed to the school fund of the South in direct taxes nearly thirty millions, and in indirect taxes a further sum estimated at from forty millions to seventy-five millions. The very fact that the sum estimated from indirect taxation varies so greatly indicates the practical impossibility of making any trustworthy estimate on that subject at all. It is possible that in the claims made for contributions out of Southern poverty for negro education too large a sum has been credited to the white population, but that the negro has received in education vastly more than he has contributed, whether by direct or indirect taxation, we do not think is seriously questionable.

Please recommend a good treatise or good treatises on the subject of proof-reading and punctuation—the best. N. H.

Mr. F. H. Teall, who was a proof-reader and assistant editor of the Century and Standard dictionaries, and is now connected with "The Inland Printer," has written treatises on proof-reading and punctuation which are sold at $1 each, and may be had of the Inland Printer Company, Chicago. Other treatises on punctuation are by W. L. Klein, K. O'Neil, and J. G. Scott.

Please give me a brief history of the Reformed Presbyterian (Covenanted) Church, and its present strength. P. M. B.

It was constituted in the United States in 1774 by the formation of a Presbytery by ministers sent from Scotland and Ireland. Its previous history runs back to the time of the Scottish Reformation. Its present membership is about ten thousand. (See Dr. Lyon's "Study of the Sects," Unitarian Sunday-School Society, Boston, 50 cents.)

Please tell me the title, price, and publisher of the best book on the sources of the Book of Genesis. Is there any edition of the Genesis printed in differently colored inks to show the different sources? J. S. B.

Professor Bacon's "Genesis of Genesis" can be had of the Pilgrim Press, Boston, at $2. The publication of the "Polychrome" Genesis, as we are informed, is at present indefinitely postponed.

Will you kindly mail to me the address of one or two Congregational churches which have lately adopted covenants for admittance to church membership? C. H. H.

We should be glad to have responses to this question from all churches that have done as above described.

"The Little Bible." This volume of Bible stories for children, about which a correspondent recently inquired, contains some two hundred chapters, all short, drawn from the Old Testament and its Apocrypha, with occasional supplementing from other sources. The language is modern and simplified for young readers. (Doubleday & McClure Co., New York, $1.)

I would like to know where in Daniel Webster's writings the following passage can be found—when and where and in what connection it was uttered:

"Costly apparatus and splendid cabinets have no magical power to make scholars. In all circumstances, as a man is, under God, the master of his own fortune, so is he the maker of his own mind. The Creator has so constituted the human intellect that it can only grow by its own action; and by its own action and free will it will certainly and necessarily grow. Every man must therefore educate himself. His book and teacher are but helps; the work is his. A man is not educated until he has the ability to summon, in an emergency, all his mental powers in vigorous exercise to effect its proposed object. It is not the man who has seen most, or read most, who can do this; such a man is in danger of being borne down, like a beast of burden, by an overwhelming mass of other men's thoughts. Nor is it the man who can boast of native vigor and capacity. The greatest of all warriors in the siege of Troy had not the pre-eminence because nature had given strength and he carried the largest bow, but because self-discipline had taught him how to bend it."

G. J. C.

"H. G. N." asks for locale of quotation from Charles Kingsley. He will find it in "Two Years Ago," Chapter III., in Macmillan's 1884 edition, page 42. But the extract has reference to the communion of husband and wife, not of ordinary friends. J. M.

Can you give me, correctly, the quotation which begins, "There is in every true woman's heart a spark," and goes on to refer to this spark lying dormant in prosperity, but flaming up in adversity, etc.? H. S. G.

In giving the order of "The Chronicles of Barsetshire," by Trollope, "D. C. M." is not quite correct, apparently. In the introduction to "The Warden," published as one of the series, the author speaks of "Dr. Thorne" as the third of the series, "Framley Parsonage" is the fourth. R. B.

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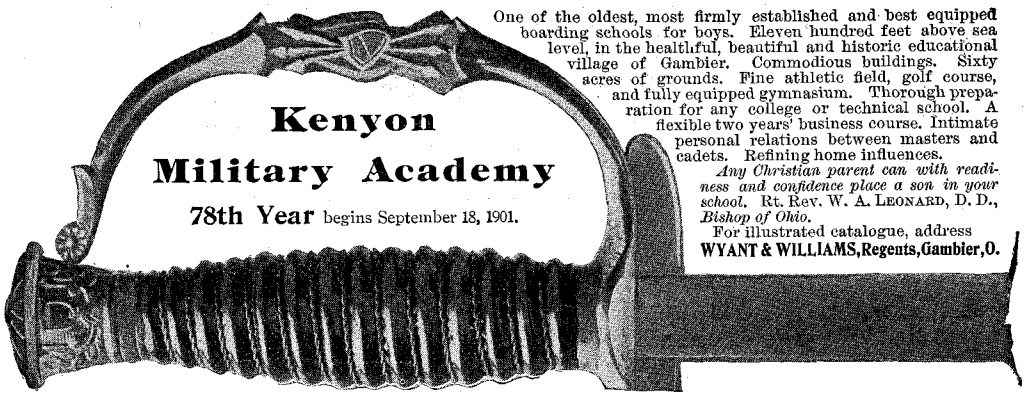

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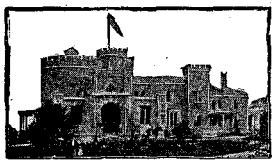

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